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THE MEMOIRS OF A STOMACH BY HIMSELF.

MEMOIRS OF A STOMACH.

MEMOIRS

OF

A STOMACH.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF,

THAT ALL WHO EAT MAY READ.

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY

A MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

SECOND EDITION.

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INTRODUCTION.

My duties in editing the following pages have been of a very simple nature, consisting principally of weeding out many expressions of bitterness and heart-burning in which my friend, Mr. Stomach, too often indulges; and also in throwing what little light I was able upon passages and remarks obscure or questionable. This part of my task, I admit, has required some degree of industry and care. It will not fail to be observed that our author is of a sensitive nature, and by no means possessed of a strong constitution; indeed, had it been otherwise, these pages would

never have been written. A patient only seeks medical advice when he is ailing; and a stomach only proffers his experience when he feels that it may be of use to others of a like delicate temperament with himself.

His humour, his satire, and his philosophy will not fail to be appreciated. I only trust my humble task has been performed with justice to my friend, the public, and myself; and I can only express the wish, that the following very curious memoirs (considering their authorship) had been intrusted to the supervision of others more competent to the task, than to him who for a brief period has accepted the office of

MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

BY what manual agency I wrote the subjoined pages no one has a right to inquire;[1] but as far as intellectual faculties are concerned, I consider I hold a superior position to my helpmate Mr. Brain;[2] for, while I reside in the drawing-room floor, he lives in the attics. Moreover, if he separated the good from the bad, and digested all matters which he receives as

[1] It is to be presumed that all information obtained by our author on subjects distinct from his own personal experience, has been derived from the conversation of the individual he inhabits; and who, we are hereafter informed, was addicted to literary avocations.

[2] This boast is excusable. Van Helmont placed the seat of *understanding* in the stomach, of volition in the heart, and of memory in the brain!

thoroughly as I do, he would have a greater right to look down upon me than he has at present.

The depreciation of another's powers of mind, is the usual and proper beginning to books in general; and though I am accustomed to introductions of all kinds, I will here content myself with this one.

MEMOIRS OF A STOMACH.

Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.—Hor.

Oh, that my stomach were a cable long, and every inch a palate.—Quin.

My days of early infancy shall be rapidly passed over; but it is necessary to state that I was born of gentle parentage, being related, on the maternal side, to the celebrated Sternums, of Eaton Hall (since migrated to Eaton Moor), and, on my father's side, I dated my pedigree as far back as the first invasion of the Saxons, when the great Sir Hugh Stomach was created baron, from the huge quantity of beef he was able to digest; and since that time a certain portion of the ox has been called after him. The name Stomach, indeed, is of pure

Saxon origin, from the word *Sto*, meaning to stow away, and *ach* or *hack*, signifying to hew into small pieces; the consonant *m* having been inserted for the sake of euphony.[1] It is scarcely necessary for me to observe that my progenitors first established the Diet of the German empire.

Of my poor mother, I will say but little; she was of a soft, yielding disposition, totally unfitted for the companionship of her husband, who I am bound to confess was of a coarse and robust nature, one that could not appreciate the sweet excellence of his partner. The match, indeed, was an ill-

[1] This is evidently a dig at etymologists, and reminds us of Dean Swift's derivation of the word *Leda*. Leda, he says "was the mother of Castor and Pollux, and, laying a couple of eggs, was therefore called Laid a, or Leda." This joke is execrable, but still it was—Swift's. From the same authority we have another derivation, thus: "Achilles was the most valiant of the Grecians. This hero was of a restless, unquiet nature; and therefore, as Guy of Warwick was called a Kill-Cow, and another terrible man a Kill-Devil, so this general was called A-kill-ease, or the destroyer of ease; and at length by corruption, Achilles." Far worse is the derivation of Cucumber—King Jeremiah, Jeremiah King, Jerry-King, Jerking, Girking, Cucumber. Equalled, if not excelled, in absurdity, is that quoted by Horne Tooke:—ὁσπερ ἠπερ ὁπερ διαπερ; Napkin, nipking, pipking, pippenking, King Pepin.

assorted one in many respects; and, in about three months, after giving birth to a son and heir in the person of the present writer, my revered parent joined the stomachs of another sphere, and was interred (her remains, I mean) in the family mausoleum; while on her tomb was engraven the following simple and touching epitaph, an impromptu by my father:—

"With my poor wife Death played his last trick;
She died, sweet soul, from want of gastrick."

I cannot, of course, remember the event; but this I know, I was turned over to a nurse before ablactation, and the change was highly detrimental to my health and comfort. The sweet almondy taste of the delicious food my poor mother gave me was changed to a sort of London milk, slightly impregnated with Geneva. The tricks this woman played were frightful. The doctors told her to drink porter, and so she did, and every other sort of liquor in the bargain, to be obtained at the public-house. The worst of it was I had no redress, but I took care to let everybody participate in

my disgust, by inciting my neighbouring arms and legs to kicks and contortions; and to the small voice which dwelt upstairs I suggested such shrill cries, as made every person in the house detest the little body of which I was the centre. However, I suffered terribly for my want of endurance; for sometimes, when the pangs of hunger obliged me to take any refreshment I could get, I heard my friends the lips make a great fuss about some bitter compound the poor wretches were compelled to come in contact with, and these cries were a sure prelude to a horrid flavour coming down, which as much astonished as annoyed me; but I soon found out, when the nurse considered I had received sufficient of her generous gifts, she discouraged every desire for a further supply by a certain use of gall, not unknown to maternal solicitude, which nearly turned me inside out.

After enduring a wretched state of being for some time, at length the happy period arrived when other aliment was given; and I should fill a volume were I to relate all the extraordinary surprises which awaited me when different com-

pounds forced themselves upon my attention, but which nevertheless I was compelled to digest and make the most of, for the good of the system in general. Amongst other things, I remember that bread-sop puzzled me extremely. I believe my innocent attendants imagined they were giving me ground corn. Corn, indeed! Why, when I came to test it by the aid of my powerful machine of analysis—a machine so strong I could dissolve a marble, and tell you its component parts—when, I say, I came to test it by a strong acid, I found that there was not more than twenty per cent. of flour in the whole composition, the remainder being made of a common sort of starch, alum, ground bones, potato flour, and often plaster of Paris [1]!

I must explain that there was a sort of supervising officer who always accompanied me in life, called Palate, whose duty it was to taste every particle of food intended for my consumption, and to reject it if disapproved. The vigilance of this personage, however, was of no avail against the strata-

[1] In a penny bun lately analyzed were found three grains of alum and ten of chalk, and in others plaster of Paris.

gems which were made to deceive both him and me; the consequence being, that he very often got into a morbid state of feeling, not knowing good from bad; and instead of guarding me from evil, led me into it.

Occasionally, while I was tranquilly reposing after the hard work consequent upon a good meal, or when I was busily at work distributing nourishment to all around, I was suddenly aroused from my slumbers, or my duties, as the case might be, by compounds rushing down, with whose nature I was totally unacquainted, and with which I was sometimes so thoroughly disgusted, that I grew restive, and refused to receive this unjust demand upon my powers of assimilation and willingness to oblige. For this, however, I was generally well punished; and never shall I forget, when one day I had rejected some horrid mixture of treacle, chalk, and sugar, called, I believe, sweetmeats, when I had literally turned it out of doors—never, I say, shall I forget my sensations when, after a little preliminary conversation between my attendant and a physician, there came

gurgling into my hapless inside a black cascade of so horrible a nature, that I fancied the waters of Phlegethon had been stirred up, and administered for my especial benefit. I really thought it was all over with me; and what added greatly to my sufferings, was the fear I was in of rejecting the nauseous poison; for I thought I might perhaps be subjected to a repetition, so I bore the evil as well as I could, and took especial care to let my neighbours have a very considerable idea of my sufferings, not simply theoretical.

From that hour I date a series of petty grievances of a very Protean sort; and really it was sometimes laughable to hear rubbing going on for rheumatism; to know that poultices were applied to sores; mineral waters recommended for skin complaints; ay, and even operations performed on diseased members,[1] when I alone

[1] One of our most eminent surgeons, Sir B—— B ——, has admitted, and printed his admissions too, that for the cure of a certain disease he has all his life performed operations; but he now attempts to eradicate it by other means, and has in this case entirely relinquished the knife! Do the ghosts of his patients' limbs haunt his couch like the spectres round King Richard's?

was the cause of it all: and if the nurses and doctors would only, during my first indispositions, have allowed me to remain in perfect repose, supplying me with light and nourishing food at regular intervals, giving me, in fact, little or nothing to do beyond agreeable recreation, I should have gratefully thrown my feet on my well-stuffed sofa, got an agreeable nap, awoke refreshed, and all might have been well; but a system of medicine, once commenced, involved the necessity of its continuance, and my feelings may better be imagined than described, when I heard certain drugs being precribed for me, which I knew would ultimately undermine and injure my constitution.

It will here be as well to give a short and familiar description of my mission in life; and since I desire that all who eat may read, I shall make little or no use of those technical and anatomical phrases, which would only be comprehended by my greatest enemies—the ordinary run of medical practitioners. My personal appearance, I must acknowledge, is not prepossessing, as I resemble a Scotch bagpipe in form, the pipe part being the œsophagus or

gullet, and the bag myself, I often wish there were more "stops," especially when I am played upon by gluttony, and perhaps there would have been, could I give vent to noises similar to those of the Caledonian instrument, whose strains are so terrible that the brave Highlanders are said to rush into battle to escape them.

The internal structure of the whole of my tribe, Nature originally made very nearly perfect, but she allotted a large degree of influence to a presiding faculty of the mind called Reason; and in consideration of man's elevation beyond, and above all created things, she made it a rule absolute that man himself should, by the use of this presence, reign over his own destiny. Now, this seems to be a very fair provision; for, had Nature chosen to form man as a mere piece of perfect machinery, no doubt she could have done so; but by apportioning to him certain high faculties, and giving to him a discretionary power, she made him a free agent, and permits him to exhibit all those lights and shades of character which make him so remarkable an animal, and so well worth the

trouble of studying. As I said before, therefore, though my material form was admirably adapted for the purposes of my being, yet much was left to the dictates of this same Reason; and a carelessness of her mandates is the cause which has produced so many bodily ills amongst the inhabitants of this our planet.

My chief uses were these—To receive with becoming courtesy and politeness all nourishment that arrived in my parts, through an anti-chamber,or passage, called Œsophagus; and though, as I before explained, there was an officer named Palate, aided by a subordinate called Smell, stationed at the entrance to lay an embargo upon all improper importations, yet, generally speaking, I graciously received what the gods sent, and proceeded to perform my several duties. The instant food arrived within my portals, and touched the mucous surface, I secreted so strong an acid[1] from the vigour of my

[1] The gastric juice, besides its acid qualities, contains a peculiar nitrogenous substance, called pepsine, but doctors differ as to the nature of the entire secretion; and it has been ascribed to hydrochloric, acetic, phosphoric, and lactic acids, and also to an acid phosphate or lactate of magnesia. There are

adjacent coats that I reduced it to a sort of pulp; and out of the strangest materials, with the assistance of those below me, I formed a milky semi-fluid, called chyle, so extremely valuable, that the instant it was made a whole body of porters, with so called lacteal vessels, carried it off with all haste to fertilize the soil. Now, suppose for one single instant the certain result, if you, gentle reader, had sent a number of your servants to fill their pails from a pure stream in order to irrigate your pastures, but, instead of limpid water, they found a compound like the river Thames, which the *Times* terms "a seething ditch." Just so, it often happened to those lacteal vessels I have just mentioned. They were brought to convey pure and wholesome chyle to all parts of the body; when they discovered such horrible mixtures, owing to gluttony and overfeeding, that I was often obliged to use all my personal influence to get them to perform their allotted task.

however, many therapeutic arguments against its consisting of any one of these; but Liebig and Lehmann are in favour of the lactic acid.

But do not for a moment imagine that Nature was so saving as to furnish me with only one means to decompose matters. Oh dear, no. Besides the acid, she also provided an alkali in the pancreatic juice, as also in the bile; so that there was hardly a chance of escape for any sort of passenger, inasmuch as when one intense acid was insufficient to settle their business, a strong alkali was called into requisition, and this helped me off with all sorts of fatty substances, with which the gastric juice would have nothing to do. Substances not soluble by either of these powerful auxiliaries, were sent about their business one way or the other, so that I was well provided by Nature against all contingencies, and the affair stood thus:—the ordinary run of things *I* dissolved; but when I could not manage them with acid, I turned them over to the alkali. When substances arrived which we neither of us could manage, we passed them on to another parish; and when in the hands of the tender-hearted overseer, I pity much their case. If, however, I took a violent dislike to any very questionable sub-

stances, with a strong muscular effort I discarded him at once, as an intruder and a vagabond.[1]

Of course, I had my own peculiar methods of setting to work upon my numerous duties; and I could explain in detail, if it were necessary, how, by the contraction of my muscles, by partial fermentation, by dilution, by endosmosis, but chiefly by my gastric juice acting as a menstruum, I accomplished the difficult task of supporting the entire body, and giving it all its energy and vigour. Added to these means, I had trusty messengers in every direction; and between myself and that individual, Mr. Brain, there was established a double set of electric wires,[2] by which means I could, with the greatest ease and rapidity, tell him all the occurrences of the day as they arrived, and he also could impart to me his own feelings and impressions. Often when he has received unwelcome intelligence, I have refused to

1 The act of sickness here alluded to, is performed by muscular assistance, and is another example of how wonderfully Nature provides against all contingencies.

2 Pneumogastric nerves. The formation of chyme will be hereafter explained.

digest out of pure sympathy; and when occasionally I grew morose and refused to work, he too grew irritable and petulant.

In reference to my personal resemblance to the Scotch Bagpipe, there exists in the archives of my family an old MS., written in quaint English character, which professes to account for the peculiar similitude of our forms. As the legend is short, and bears intimately upon the subject of these memoirs, I here transcribe it:—

Ye LEGEND OF Ye BAGPIPE.

Once upon a time one of the early Nord Kings left his Scandinavian home upon a foraging expedition, and with a party of picked retainers made sail for the coast of Scotland. His voyage was prosperous, and he accomplished his landing without difficulty, making at once for a certain large village from whence he issued his commands, and gave himself all the airs of a native monarch of the soil. The wretched aborigines strove rather to appease, than to reject him, and after making levies of cattle, hides, and a spirit known to the early inhabitants

called Weiss Keigh, he prepared to depart homewards. It must be here remarked that this monarch not only united in his own person the representation of a powerful, restless, marauding people, but individually he was endowed with many accomplishments, and amongst others he possessed the knowledge of alchemy and necromancy. By his arts he could turn inanimate objects into animate ones, and when he required a war-horse or a vessel, he betook himself to his incantations.[1]

Just as he was on the point of returning to his kingdom laden with spoil, a brave but rash Pict, who had seen with disgust the apathy with which a pirate conqueror was received, resolved to take the law into his own hands, and if possible to slay the intruder. Arming himself, therefore, with a heavy stone slung in a thong of goat's leather, he awaited the arrival of his country's enemy near the coast, and, craving an interview, was ushered into the Royal presence. Drawing himself up to his full length, he exclaimed,

[1] Then why did he come to rob and plunder, when he possessed other means of growing rich?

"Why, oh Monarch of the Maëlstrom and Icebergers, comest thou to levy taxes upon an unoffending people? but Thor and Odin whom thou servest, have permitted this arm to avenge my country, and, rash man, thy last hour hath come." With this the sling, quick as the forked lightning, described one evolution in the air, and with the force of a thunderbolt descended upon—the empty throne of the monarch. Yes, the Weird King had vanished, and his followers, rushing upon the devoted but unfortunate man, bore him into an inner chamber for judgment.

There sat the grim Nord, as unconcerned as though he had never moved, taking council of himself how best he might punish the would-be assassin, and at length with gloomy brow he thus spoke: "Know, oh, man, thou must die! It is written in the book of fate that if ever I pardon the villain who seeks my life, misery and woe will alight upon my people, and the portals of Valhalla shut against me; therefore thou must die! I might have pardoned thy rash design in honour of thy patriotism; but destiny forbids it, and by Igdrasil[1] (at this dreadful oath the

[1] The Scandinavian tree of life.

earth shook) thou diest! All I can now do to lessen thy just punishment is to render thy death an easy one instead of sending thee to the torture-chamber, where thy cries of suffering would charm the hearing of the fell Eumenides.[1] Their wrath, however, must be appeased, and the cries of agony thou would'st have uttered must be perpetuated for ever throughout the land wherein thou dwellest. No more; I have spoken the word of fate, and thy doom is sealed."

With this speech, before the wondering captive could utter a word, the enchanter cast a powder in his face, the spectres of death gathered around him, and he sank to the earth a corpse!

The stern arbiter of his fate, a little while regarding him, in almost pitying accents exclaimed, "Let him be buried where the curlews whirl in circles, where the sea-mew screameth her dirge for the departed, and where the eternal ocean mur-

[1] The Eumenides or Erinnyes, *i. e.*, the Furies. Surely, this is a palpable anachronism; or did the monarch in his capacity of wizard make use of terms of Grecian mythology?

murs a requiem for the dead. But first render unto me the stomach of the man, that I may sacrifice to the furies even as I promised, that his spirit may rest in peace."

At this command the chief fiefman ripped open with his sword the body of the dead, and carefully extracting the stomach of the Pict, together with the œsophagus or pipe which leads into it, placed it on the ground before the necromancer, the servants carrying out the body for interment on the sea-shore. The scene at this moment was touching and grand. There sat the Weird King, wand in hand, and there lay the digestive organs of the departed. At length he uttered a few strange words, and tracing some hieroglyphics in the air with his royal finger, he exclaimed aloud, "Change thou thy form, oh thing of mighty use when in the living clay, and on thy tube let there be stops and key-notes, and in thy bag let there be wind, and let the natives of this region have cunning to play upon thee, and let thy tones be ever as the shrieks of a tortured man, so that the Erinnyes may be satisfied, and let thou be called now and hereafter Bag-

PIPE,[1] so that what I spoke may come to pass, even unto the letter."

He said, and his astonished retainers raised from the earth the first instrument bearing that name born unto Scotland; and when they found a native to play upon it, they all rushed to their ships stopping their ears, and never more set foot on the shores of Alben.[2]

*

To return now to the events of my chequered life. Time wore on and the period arrived when it was necessary to send me to school, and accordingly I was packed off to a public establishment. Here, it must be confessed, I rapidly gained health and spirits, for the strict regimen, regularity of meals, and general discipline to which I was there subjected, made great amends for a preliminary surfeit of rich cake and other matters of torture which

[1] It is believed the first bagpipe known to the Scots was found in one of the vessels of the Spanish armada, wrecked on the northern coast. The instrument is a very ancient one; for on a piece of Grecian sculpture of the highest antiquity now at Rome, is represented a bagpiper, dressed like a modern highlander. Nero is said to have played upon a bagpipe, A.D. 51.

[2] The ancient name of Scotland.

were packed up in a trunk; and for the first few days the key grated in the lock about every two hours. The supplies being soon exhausted, school experience began in earnest.

I remember during play hours I heard a great fuss going on amongst the boys, when all of a sudden I received such a thump as made me fancy I was knocked clean out of the osseous framework wherein I lay. This I discovered was owing to a polite interchange of blows, arising from the fact of a boy being pitted against the new comer as a trial to test his strength, so as to place him in his proper position in the sliding scale of pugilism. I acknowledge I disliked these "bouts" uncommonly, but any suffering was better than the pangs of being overloaded; and be it admitted to the youngsters' credit, that it was not considered fair and manly to select *me* as the place of attack; on the contrary, the head and ribs were generally the parts more favoured by polite attentions—a most just and proper law which had my entire support and concurrence.

Occasionally it was the custom of the bigger boys

to stray out of bounds for the purpose of buying all sorts of abominations, though sometimes I was glad enough of a little addition to the ordinary school fare. Upon one particular occasion the humorous and the terrible were so strongly involved by an event, which custom has since deprived of all novelty, that I must even relate it before I proceed.

The day was over, the bell was sounded for "all in," and prayers were called; when, during the confusion of the boys rushing to their places, I found myself carried as fast as legs could carry me far beyond the precincts of the school-grounds, so I felt certain that an ordeal of some sort was in store. Instead of finding myself as usual in a pastry-cook's shop, a certain marine odour of stale fish puzzled me extremely; and I waited the elucidation of the mystery with such feelings as only a stomach experiences when he is all uncertain as to what is going on and what is coming in, and when he is placed at the mercy of a hungry and unscrupulous school-boy.

I was not long held in suspense, and never shall I forget my sensations. Down there came

flopping—no other word is descriptive—into my astonished inside a small mucilaginous mass of a saltish flavour, almost fluttering with life (good powers, I thought, it has not had time to settle its affairs!) accompanied by a fluid of extreme acidity, and by particles of black pepper, hot and pungent. I really was never so completely astounded in my life. Over and over I turned the wonderful compound, but could make nothing at all of the shapeless little monster. Before I could give vent to a burst of invective which I felt rising within me, another and yet another came unceremoniously slipping down, and then a torrent of a sort of licorish fluid, called porter, came gurgling and frothing after. At this a horrible suspicion flashed across me. For a moment the dreadful question arose in my mind, whether these peculiar substances salt and flabby, which had so excited my awe and abhorrence, were the eyes of some of the poor brewers employed in the well-known firm of Nux, Vomica, and Co. This fearful idea seemed in a manner to be corroborated by the brackish taste I before alluded to, and which I naturally

attributed to the flavour of the poor fellow's tears. The powder, it is true, cast a doubt as to the correctness of my surmises; but with exquisite imagination I looked upon *this* as some of that dust blown back into the faces of the men, which their master had endeavoured to throw into the eyes of the public, when they playfully affirmed that their beer is genuine. Another cataract of black liquor, however, distracted my attention; and when the money chinked upon the counter, the name of this extraordinary little stranger (which was *not* welcome) was pronounced for the first time in my hearing, and the word OYSTER was indelibly impressed upon my memory for evermore.

Since that time I have had occasion to receive these creatures with extreme courtesy under all forms and circumstances—scolloped, stewed, buttered, devilled, with beards and without beards; but to the young, ingenuous stomach like myself at this moment, the raw oyster, bolted with adjuncts of strong vinegar and black pepper, and washed down with a semi-opaque fluid, will ever present features for recollection to linger

over, and offers another proof of how slight is the partition which separates the sublime from the ridiculous.

Experience has since told me that it is the custom in polite society to commence dinner by a few oysters, to give an appetite to the coming repast, at which I am in no wise surprised; for, directly they arrive at their interior destination, every description of stomach at all conscious of the dignity of his position as a scientific member of a wonderful body, is so curious to analyse the remarkable mollusca, that he secretes a larger amount of gastric acid than is absolutely necessary for the test, and the residue thereof imparts an additional stimulant to appetite.[1] During my process of analysis, I discovered that this conglomeration of seeming *in*organic matter is possessed of a very important structure, having a mouth, prolonged lips, gills, muscles, liver, intestines, and, above all, a heart, wherein may repose, for all we know to the contrary, soft affections, and gentlest impulses.

[1] What will medical men say to the ingenuity of this argument? Is our author in earnest, or is it a sly poke at those ever so ready to account for cause and effect?'

At all events the female can produce about 1,200,000[1] eggs, so small that 2,000,000 could lie within the compass of a cubic inch;[2] so that if affection is at all dependent upon fecundity, the oyster lays strong claims to distinction in this particular. Their susceptibility is so great that they have been observed to close their shells upon the *shadow* of a boat passing over them; and, consequently, it is not too much to surmise that they feel strongly their position when they are violently wrenched open by an unrelenting knife, snatched from their homes, and cast at once into the powerful solution I make ready for my victim the moment he arrives.

The question naturally arises, were these delicate little animals intended entirely to tickle men's appetites?—was Heliogabalus born for oysters, or oysters for Heliogabalus?[3] I suspect, however, Nature in-

1 Poli, the eminent naturalist of Molfetta, who studied at Pisa, and was a member of the Royal Society of England.

2 Leeuwenhoek, the author of the Arcana Naturæ.

3 By Heliogabalus any well-known glutton is doubtless intended; and perhaps Domitian, introduced into Juvenal's fourth satire, would do equally well, as part of the knotty question; or better than either would be Nero, for at the first taste he knew whether oysters were bred at Circei, or at the Lucrine rock, or in the beds of Rutupiæ.

tended them for a higher purpose than that of contributing to the pleasures of the table, even Roman in its luxury;[1] for geology tells us that they perform, by the immense banks they constitute, a very important part in preventing the encroachments of the sea upon land, wishing, no doubt, to keep their own element all to themselves. This selfishness, however, is very useful; and looking at a single oyster, certainly people would never believe they form, when congregated, a sort of concealed breakwater; living together in a happier republic than Sir

[1] The wanton luxury of the Romans may be discerned from the variety of their oysters, which were brought from every sea. *Ostreis et conchyliis omnibus contingit, ut cum luna crescant pariter pariterque decrescant;* Civ. Div. ii. 33. *ostreæ senescente luna inuberes, macræ, tenues, exsuccæ; crescente, pinguescunt;* Gell. xx. 7. *luna alit ostrea et implet echinos;* Lucil. *lubrica nascentes implent conchylia lunæ;* Hor. II S. iv. 30. Plin. ii. 41. Ath. iii. 13. The Tarentine are extolled by Varro, R. R. iii. 3, and Gellius, vii. 16. the Lucrine are preferred by Seneca, Ep. 79. and Pliny, ix. 54 *s* 79. *Circæis autem ostreis caro testaque nigra sunt; his autem neque dulciora neque teneriora esse ulla compertum est; Id.* xxxii. 6 *s* 21. *murice Baiano melior Lucrina peloris: ostrea Circeiis, Miseno oriuntur echini; pectinibus patulis jactat se molle Tarentum;* Hor. II S. iv. 32 *sqq. P.R. cf. eund.* ii. 31 *sqq.* Pers. vi. 24. Plin. ix. 18 *s* 32. Macr. S. ii. 11. iii. 16. V. Max. ix. 1. Col. viii. 16. Varr. R. R. iii. 17. Sen. Helv. 10 R.—Note to Stocker's Juvenal.

Thomas More's; carrying on all the duties of life with vigour and propriety; setting us the example of conjugal worth; storing their joint-stock banks with gems more precious than gold; and making even those diseases[1] incidental to a marine life, yield forth an incalculable wealth to mankind. I wonder whether the ladies and the gentlemen who sun themselves in the Haymarket—that emporium for sales of the mollusca family—ever reflect upon all these claims to our consideration; and whether, when the full and fair bosoms of the poor fluttering ostrea are suddenly exposed to view, they at least swallow them with feelings of sympathy and kindness. Alas, for human nature, I fear not. So much, then, for my first experience of an OYSTER, a production of Nature which reverses the usual method of expiring, for it lives in its bed, and very often dies out of it.

Having lingered over the idiosyncrasy of the gentle

1 By some it is supposed that pearls are the result of internal disease; but others imagine that they are formed by the filling up of injuries done to the shells by some finny enemy. Reaumur was of the former opinion, but Linnæus boasted he could make pearls, no doubt meaning that he could do so by the insertion of some foreign substance in the shell of the pearl fish.

fish at greater length than I intended, I must be as concise as possible in describing my feelings at an event which created a revolution in my domestic economy, and very nearly as much affected my constitution as revolutions usually do. I was one day enjoying my "otium cum dignitate," digesting quietly and comfortably, contented with myself, my dinner, and all my kind, when suddenly there came trickling upon my unhappy head, a mixture of saliva and some deadly poison, that at once roused me from the "dolce far niente," into an active condition of emotion and horror. I immediately sent a sample to my cerebral neighbour, and he telegraphed back a message that he too was suffering, and I gradually grew worse. I was obliged at once to relinquish my agreeable occupation of supplying the body with what it required, and could do nothing but express my agonies of sufferings by spasms and distortions, which terminated in a result similar to that I once afterwards experienced by the lurching of a vessel at sea, but which it is not necessary to describe. Sufficient to say I was ill the whole of the next day; and as I positively

rejected every overture at reconciliation, I remained sulky and disgusted, till in due time the evil subsided, and I gained energy enough to enable me to ascertain the cause of this strange phenomenon. Then it was I learned, that though my sufferings began, they did not end, in smoke. Yes, reader, smoke; the smoke from a most deadly weed; a spirit of evil ushered in by fire, and exorcised by sickness! Nature made it nauseating—poisonous; but man, combating with the penalty she placed upon his use of it, puffs away through existence; and this first specimen I received was the puff preliminary. Repetition overcame my dislike to the taste; and at length, with the true philosophy of my race, I endured that which could not be cured; and though ultimately cigars and pipes subscribed their share with other evils in injuring the system and drying up the juices of the body, still I shared the ill with my adjacent brotherhood; and personally I received the injury and insult with the dignity of a stomach conscious of his own rectitude.

At this period I left school. Notwithstanding these several drawbacks of occasional suffering, I was, on

the whole, benefited by the regularity of my receipts and their simple nature. Soon, however, commenced a new era in my life; and now began a series of ills and misfortunes, which handed me over to those who have ever been the executioners of my tribe—the doctors. Hassen ebn Sabah himself, with his devoted assassins, were not more formidable to the kings and princes of the East than the physician and *his* "Fedavi's" (the chemists and druggists) are to the whole progeny of stomachs. Oh, how I trembled when any of these gentlemen were announced! and most strange did it appear to me that there should exist, in these enlightened days, chronicles and lists of domestic poisons, and a tribe of posologists sworn to their administration, under a regulated system and certificates from government!

My college career was ushered in by suppers delayed till the morning, and breakfasts till noon. Such breakfasts, too! Being used to a mug of tea, and a round of dear, simple bread and butter, conceive my consternation when a heterogeneous mass was driven into my luckless interior, including every

known condiment, and every unknown compound under the sun. Devilled kidneys and moselle: cocoa and curaçoa: coffee and cognac: anchovy paste and pigeon pie: mushrooms, marmalade, and potted char: laver, caviar, patés de foies gras: dried fish, Catalonian ham, and Archangel deer tongues: all these, with many other minor delicacies too numerous to mention, very often constituted my first meal; and out of this mélange I was expected to select the good from the bad, without grumbling at the additional labour. My friend and relative, Mr. Head, too, had his tasks to perform; and never did two cab-horses on a (people's) holiday work harder than we did; but at length, just as he passed his "little go," I broke completely down, and from sheer incapacity was not to be removed by whip or spur. In vain they tried all sorts of drams and stimulants; I had become so used to them, their effects had ceased. In vain little round pellets of mercury were sent to try *their* effect. The god himself might have shaken his caduceus in my face with no result. In fact, I could not, would

not, stir; and it was only after a long course of almost starvation that I consented to resume my duties, and then only by slow degrees.

For some time after this I was treated with more forbearance; but getting strong again, they resumed their old tricks of overfeeding me; and now commenced a system of physicking truly horrible to mention. The raps of the apothecary's boy at the door were incessant, and none but a stomach can estimate the state of nervous excitement those knocks occasioned me. The state to which I was reduced, they were pleased to term dyspepsia, and I never heard the name without trembling all over. For this complaint all the first men[1] of the day were consulted, and they usually prescribed remedies directly opposed to one another; but then there was this advantage—as the whole affair was thorough guesswork, there was

[1] No doubt, one of these days we shall have *women*-doctors. America threatens to set us the example, which, after all, is nothing new. Mr. Torrens McCullagh, in his learned and most useful work "The Industrial History of Free Nations," mentions the fact that a monument at ancient Rome bore a Greek inscription connected with the name of Euhodia, a lady of rank, who possessed extraordinary skill in medicine.

safety in the number of drugs prescribed, as there was a chance of the poisons becoming neutralized.[1]

To prove that I neither exaggerate nor draw too strongly upon my imagination, I have transcribed a few veritable prescriptions, written by the most eminent medical practitioners of the day, and purchased, for the fee of one guinea, for always the same complaint, described by the luckless patient in always the same terms. Be it observed, my master had the good sense not to consult those medical men who dispense their own drugs; for if he had, I should never have been alive to pen these memoirs. Those red and blue and green carboys in the shops are simply beacons (they are lit up at night) to warn the constitution where it is certain to be wrecked. But not to digress, let me in the dramatic form—for a short farce is properly so written—describe

THE DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

Act 1, Scene 1.

The interior of a handsome house in a fashionable street in London. Enter patient, who waits in

[1] "Similia similibus curantur"—according to Hahnemann.

the waiting-room with others, until his turn arrives for being ushered into the presence of the Esculapius, according to the order of his coming.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT. This way, sir, please.

Patient follows conductor into a large room. Books, busts, and papers everywhere.

PATIENT *(rather nervously)*. I've done myself[1] ——

PHYSICIAN *(standing with his back to the fire)*. Take a seat, my dear sir.

PATIENT. I thank you—its rather cold *(or hot)* this morn—ing.

PHYSICIAN. Yes; what can I——

PATIENT. I'm not at all well, doctor. The fact is, I have no sort of appetite; and so I thought—

PHYSICIAN *(interrupting)*. Put out your tongue. Humph! foul—dyspeptic—very.

PATIENT. When I rise of a morning——

PHYSICIAN *(interrupting)*. One moment, give me

1 There is something peculiarly sardonic in making the doctor's interruption cause the patient to exclaim—"I have done myself."

your hand. *(Feels pulse.)* Pulse languid. How long have you felt unwell?

PATIENT. About a week.

PHYSICIAN. You suffer from acidity.

PATIENT *(enthusiastically)*. Oh, excessive; a constant burning sensation ——

PHYSICIAN. Yes, I see, sir; the stomach is in a morbid state. Sound here. *(Taps patient's chest)*. Breathe hard, my dear sir. *(Places his ear against patient's heart.)* *(With a smile)* Nothing wrong there. Have you a headache?

PATIENT. No; but a dread——

PHYSICIAN *(interrupting)*. Oh, its only confined to the parts a *leetle* out of order. I'll write you a prescription, my dear sir, which will put you to rights in a few days. *(Sits to write.)*

PATIENT. I forgot to say I've considerable pain between the shoulder blades, and——

PHYSICIAN *(interrupting)*. Just so; I'll add a mixture likely to remove it. *(Goes on writing; then carefully blots the MS., and hands it to the patient, with a bland smile.)* There, my dear sir,

take this[1] as directed, and come to me in a few days.

PATIENT *(overcome with gratitude.)* I'm extremely obliged for your kindness. *Fumbles for the guinea in his waistcoat-pocket, feeling a little abashed at offering any gratuity to so erudite a Galen; and in shaking hands, slips it into his palm. Physician exhibits no external symptoms of bashfulness. Patient going.*

PHYSICIAN. If you've no chemist of your own, my dear sir, I can strongly recommend Mr. Morbus, of 24, Doom-street, Bury-square. Allow me to write his address on the prescription. Use my name, and you'll find his medicines excellent.

PATIENT.—Thank you; he certainly shall make it up. Then, I'm to call again about Wednesday next?

PHYSICIAN. If *you* please, my dear sir; and I've

[1] A story is told in Henry Stephens's apology for Herodotus, how a countryman swallowed the doctor's prescription in the form of a bolus, because he was told to "take this as directed." Hudibras refers to the anecdote:—

"Like him that took the doctor's bill,
And swallowed it instead o' th' pill."

no doubt we shall soon put you to rights. *Rings bell, bows patient out, who still thinks he has left something unsaid. Patient bows, servant opens door, exit patient. Enter another* (flat[1]): *scene as before, or similar.*

Street door closes. Patient reads prescription, as he walks along to Doom-street, Bury-square, aloud.

PRESCRIPTION.

Inf. Calumbæ, 5 oz; Mixture of Gum sufficient; Tris-nitrate Bismuth, 18 grains; Sesquecarbonate Soda, ½ dram; Tinct. Opium, 1 do.; do. Calumbæ, 4 do.

I am quite aware that this,[2] and the following samples of drug-giving would be defended by the whole faculty. Bismuth tends, they would say, to decrease the nervous irritability of the coats of the stomach; mineral acid stimulates the action of gastric juice; alkali promotes the alkaline secretions of the liver, &c., &c., &c.; but I pray you, whatever may be said, do not believe a word of it. What effect they may have upon other parts of the

[1] A theatrical term—he never loses an opportunity.

[2] I find all these prescriptions are quite genuine.

body, I pretend not to know; and I don't wish to interfere with other people's business, but to me they were worse than useless—and surely I am the best judge upon the subject.

What a rage I was in at receiving such a compound! Putting the bismuth, soda, and calumba[1] out of the question, here was opium administered —opium which, instead of stimulating the secretions, deadened them! Opium! which acts differently upon every third person—sometimes exciting and sometimes soothing. Really, I could have ground my teeth with passion, and yet I was compelled to take repeated doses of this mixture, twice a day, as well as I remember, but fortunately memory is not tenacious of the ills of life. Of course, I got worse instead of better; and so the second visit was duly paid to the doctor.

A similar scene was again enacted at the physician's house; and never shall I forget the cool complacency with which he listened to the description of my woes, and then quietly added: "Just

[1] The London College spells this word *Calumbæ*, the Edinburgh and Dublin Colleges *Columba*.

give me the recipe, my dear sir, and I'll make a little alteration, which I am sure will put you to rights." Upon this he glanced at the precious document, and ran his pen through one of the items —the opium, I believe; but seeming to think better of the matter, he wrote an entirely fresh prescription, and handed it to my master, with the same gentlemanly air and suavity as before. He also refused the second fee, for physicians are usually polished and liberal, and he bowed us out with perfect good-breeding. Now, it may be well imagined that both my fears and curiosity were intensely excited as to the nature of this fresh warrant of execution. The reader who has so far followed me will, I am sure, sympathise with my suffering, and comprehend the nature of my anxious position. The sword of Damocles was again suspended over my head, and I could only guess at the thickness of the thread which held it. It must be remembered, too, that all this time I was incapable of giving proper attention to my domestic affairs, owing to the injury I had sustained by overfeeding; and all I required was light diet, and

being left to the curative process of ever kind Nature, who is always striving to heal injuries if you will only permit her. Under these circumstances, therefore, just conceive my state of anxious uncertainty as we walked off to Mr. Morbus, to get this second compound made up—and here it is:—

PRESCRIPTION.

Trisnitrate Bismuth, Aromatic Confection, each, 2 scruples; Gum Mixture, 3 drams; Compd. Spirits of Ammonia, 4 drams; Compd. Infusion of Orange Peel, 1 oz.; do. do. Gentian, to 8 oz.

Mix. Two tablespoonfuls three times a-day.

I scarcely remember whether I deemed this poison more repugnant to me than the other, but I know it was quite nauseous enough; and I was compelled to take it three times a-day instead of twice! I recognised my friend's bismuth; and gentian was merely a change from one bitter to another; but they both arrived at my wretched portals, in company with spirits even worse than themselves. Of course, my condition rather retrograded than improved; and off I was taken to another "eminent physician," who entered a little

more fully into the diagnosis of my complaint, as usual tapped his fingers against the bars of my prison the ribs, and then proceeded to make many inquiries, of a nature quite confidential. Again despair seized me as I heard his pen writing another manifesto against health and longevity. This time it came forth in a somewhat different shape; and the bitterness of my grief was only equalled by the bitterness of the aloes.

PRESCRIPTION.

Compd. Decoction of Aloes, 2 oz.; Infusion Calumbæ, 3 oz.; Tincture Thebaici, 10 drops; do. Hops, 1½ dram; Blk. Cherry Water, 6 drams.
Mix. Two tablespoonfuls daily.

Be it observed that, in the recipe before this, aromatic confection was one of its ingredients—here aloes are prescribed — the two producing effects diametrically opposed! Bitters, however, though in another form, were again introduced; and so far in bitterness the doctors were consistent. Notwithstanding this delectable mixture, I still continued out of sorts; for unfortunately my master the patient considered that the penalty of taking

medicine absolved him from the necessity of a strict regimen, so I grew rather worse than better, and off I was again carried to a second Leech.

I should only weary the most patient reader were I to describe the various opinions which were offered as to the cause of my disease; it is therefore sufficient to say, that one doctor prescribed alkalies, and another declared they were fatal, and insisted upon acids. I subjoin what *he* ordered to be taken:—

PRESCRIPTION.

Sulphate of Alum, do. of Zinc, each, 1 dram; Dilute Sulphuric Acid, 4 oz.

MIX. Thirty drops in a half-pint of water and sugar, three or four times a-day.

These strong acids, from their antiseptic qualities, had certainly one good effect—they helped to get rid of some accumulations; but then simple lemon-juice would have done infinitely better. [1]

[1] Upon the subjects of acids, Dr. Basham, in an introductory lecture lately read in the Westminster Hospital, says:—"We learn from an experiment of Dutrochet that acid fluids, in mixing with another fluid by means of an animal membrane, *yield more than they receive from the opposite fluid*, and thus

When this remedy was exhibited to yet another medical practitioner, he shook his head and ordered,

PRESCRIPTION.

Liquid Potash, 3 drams; Tinct. Calumbæ, 13 drams.

As this was equally inefficient with the others, it was resolved to carry me off into the country of the pigmy practitioners, the Homœopathists (so

the acid character of the contents of the stomach seems to be precisely the means by which resorption is promoted in a simple physical manner. This fact also interprets the value of the mineral acids in diseases of debility, and in the convalescent stage from protracted illness. Taken before food, these remedies impart a sufficient degree of acidity to the organic tissues to promote and facilitate nutritious absorption. Fluids pass with facility through ordinary filtering paper; but if the paper be smeared with oil, its permeability is destroyed, its capillarity is obstructed. A like effect is witnessed in the human stomach upon taking fatty or oleaginous food, and there are few who are not cognisant of the inconvenience and distress experienced by taking such kind of aliment on an empty stomach. The surface of the intestinal canal becomes coated with a film of oil, and its powers of absorption for a time are as effectually obstructed as you would witness in the experiment of filtering a fluid through oiled bibulous paper. In a similar manner the effects of intoxicating drinks may be retarded for a time, by taking a spoonful of oil on an empty stomach."

called, I suppose, from their always being at *home* for consultation), and I must say their method of administering medicine made me smile, though feebly, and rejoice too, as well as my weakened condition would permit. When I first heard of their doctrines, I was prepared to find them administered by little figures, such as we see in the Fantoccini, served by their tiny hands, in doll-house glasses; so imagine my surprise, when a big, burly doctor prescribed a dose, expressed by a fraction, the denomination of which is an unit, followed by sixty cyphers! It may be well supposed, therefore, that I treated the decillionth of a grain with profound contempt. Let not the reader, however, condemn this (in some respects) very useful race of medical advisers; for though, of course, their doctrines are utterly absurd in a curative point of view, yet they possess a species of negative excellence; for I maintain that the administration of drugs should approach as near zero as possible, and these gentlemen are, at all events in quantity, within a shade of that desirable point.

How the allopathists and homœopathists must,

or ought to fight.[1] The Lilliputians doing battle with the Brobdingnags, would, I should imagine, paint a good picture of the wars of these medical dwarfs and giants; and I can conceive a dialogue between the A.'s and H.'s, somewhat after the following style[2]:—

1 And do fight! Sir James Eyre says:—"I look back with much satisfaction upon an instance where (being medical director, that is, Physician, for there was no other examiner, during eight years, at an Insurance office) I refused the life of a nobleman of high rank, *because* his medical man was an Homœopathist, and my brother Directors concurred with me unanimously."

Mr. Headland, in a more unanswerable and scientific passage in his new work, speaks thus:—"The homœopathists would work a strange revolution in the Materia Medica. Charcoal, Silica, and other substances commonly supposed to be inert, appear as remedies of wonderful efficacy. It is said that Belladonna produces a state like scarlatina, and also a condition resembling hydrophobia, and thus cures both of these disorders. Of these three propositions it is almost needless to say that all are equally erroneous. Further, an experimental trial of this principle was made by Andral on a large number of patients at the Academie in Paris, with the assistance of the homœopathists themselves. The medicines were carefully and fairly administered, but in no one instance were they successful." (*Medical Gazette*, vol. xv. p. 922.)

2 The opinions here expressed by Homœopathist are by far too sensible not to bear evidence that the followers of Hahnemann would indignantly repudiate them. Our author requires a puppet to express his own sentiments, so he makes the dis-

Allopathist and Homœopathist meeting.

A.—Sir, you are a quack—don't stop me.

H.—And you a humbug. You poison by wholesale.

A.—And you by retail, sir. But I don't wish to talk to you.

H.—But you must talk. You can't so grandly ignore our existence, when patients are leaving you by the dozen to come to our establishment.

A.—It is utterly untrue, and a falsehood is the only thing you don't administer infinitesimally.

H.—*I* can afford to be cool. Now, confess, haven't we deprived you of hundreds of patients?

A.—Yes; the fools leave us to go to you.

H.—The fools pay best.

A. *(aside.)*—That is very true. *(Aloud.)* Then, I daresay, sir, you are a rich man. Good morning.

H.—Not so fast; I am in a friendly mood. Tell me truly—Would you take your own medicines?

penser of the smallest quantity of physic lay down the law for his companion.

A. *(making a grimace.)*—Not all of them; but we are obliged to experimentalise upon patients for the advance of science.

H.—Ho! ho! is it so? just as surgeons do upon dogs. Having been so candid, would you object to take *our* remedies?

A.—Certainly; they are useless.

H.—Why?

A.—Because matter is not divisable to the fractional extent you administer it.

H.—What think you of the aqua tofana[1] and the poisoners of the 14th century?

A.—Took too long about it. You would take longer.

H.—And *you* do it at once?

A.—Sir, this insolence ——

H.—Hush! don't lose your temper. We are both in the same boat.

A.—Possibly; and, pulling different ways, it stands still.

H.—Ha, ha; very good. How many people

1 Supposed to have been arsenic and laurel water given in minute doses.

have been killed by London chemists' shops, and how many have you sent there? You can't ask that of me.

A.—Pooh, sir; do you mean to run down chemistry?[1]

H.—Chemistry! So you would confuse your system with that splendid science. A lame man uses a strong stick!

A.—What do you call the action of *your* medicines—mechanical?

H.—You just denied they had any. So, according to your showing, if we don't do good, we don't do mischief.

A.—You quibble, sir. How am I to support my family, and keep up an establishment, without medicine?

H.—Ah! that is the point. Prescribe regimen and simples, and charge just as much as at present for your advice.

A.—Why don't you practise what you preach?

[1] Foreigners laugh at the number of our chemists' shops, and well they may. Where you see one in a continental town, you see at least a dozen here.

H.—Because I should starve.

A.—And so should I.

H.—We thrive, therefore, through the ignorance of the people.

A.—Be good enough to speak in the singular number. But it is very true. If, when a patient comes to me with his digestive powers out of order, I were to prescribe a strict diet, early hours, and name some half a dozen simples, he would include me amongst the latter, and rush away to receive advice from the hands of such men as the late Sir W. Farquhar, who wrote a formula with thirteen different articles in it;[1] so that if one didn't do—some of the others might.

H.—Then you agree the public is to blame?

A.—Certainly. The tone of the profession would be raised were people less ignorant.

H.—Let us both shake hands then, and both grow rich.

A.—I wish you well, but I can't shake hands. Do you mean to say you would do away with the administration of medicine altogether?

[1] Sir James Eyre states this.

H.—No; but I would confine medicine to simples; and I would so weed the wilderness of the Pharmacopœia, as to leave a neat trim garden.

A.—What remedies would you leave in it?

H.—Only those whose certain effects on the system are ascertained.

A.—Why you would have nothing left! It would be difficult to find a dozen compounds that act under all conditions with certain results.

H.—Then make the foundation of your Materia Medica consist of that dodeka.

A.—In fact, reduce our recognised dispensatory to a state of bankruptcy.

H.—A consummation devoutly to be wished. I should like to be appointed Commissioner to try all the fraudulent tribe. There are very few, I can tell you, who should have a first-class certificate.

A.—To whom would you grant one?

H.—Only to those who could render to the court a clear account of their debts and liabilities, and who could prove that their state of insolvency had not arisen from *speculation*.

A.—I should like to see you in such a position. Go on.

H.—This would be the sort of thing reported in the papers:—"The celebrated firm of Salts and Senna, who carried on an extensive cathartic trade in Apothecaries' Hall, applied for their discharge under the act. There being no opposition on the part of the assignee, his Honour expressed his belief that the bankruptcy of the firm had arisen more from the faults of others than their own, and that they had explained their method of conducting business with as much perspicuity as possible. Under these circumstances he should grant them a second-class certificate; but he considered it his duty, upon public grounds, to advise the partners to conduct their affairs for the future, contiguous to some of the great banquetting halls in the city, since their chance of success in life could only arise from the patronage of those who indulge in gormandizing."

A.—Very fine; and you let them off so easily only because their effects are so clear? Well, I suppose, black doses, and Epsom salts, and aloes, and all other drastic drugs, would secure your favourable judgment.

H.—Probably, for we cannot say we are ignorant of their results; and gluttony requires such horrid compounds to walk in its trail, in case of the fat monster falling down into some fit. Instead of the skeleton placed upon the table, as at the Egyptian feasts, the stomach-pump should have a position at the City banquets.

A.—What would you say to mercury?

H.—Ha, ha, my fine fellow, I should exclaim, and what have you been doing? and the examination would go on thus:—

Mercury. Please your Honour, I was ordered to drive out a virulent poison from the system.

His Honour. Did you do it?

Mercury. Yes, sir, I believe so.

His Honour. Believe so! Did you enter the system without producing any evil?

Mercury. Am I bound to answer that question?

His Honour. Of course, sir—to give an explicit one.

Mercury. I manufactured a poison of my own.

His Honour. Similar to the one you were to have expelled?

Mercury. In effect, your Honour, but more virulent.

His Honour. You are remanded, sir; and I shall take care to institute a most rigid inquiry into your affairs, which at present are in an extremely suspicious state.

A.—Well, I must say you are no Rhadamanthus. I'll be bound you would behave better to one of the fashionable medicines.

H.—Would I, by Jove? I'd send them all to prison, shave their heads, and make them wear the prison dress. In fact, the criminal law is the only one fitted to meet this case.

A.—What would you do with such a medicine as the oxide of silver—the pet of Sir James Eyre, who has written an agreeable little book[1] ostensibly about digestion, but in reality to introduce what he terms an "elegant" preparation.

H.—Why, I would subject it to a severe cross-examination in this way:—"So, Mr. Oxide, you have been administered very successfully in all sorts of cases, eh? Who says so?

[1] The Stomach and its Difficulties.

Oxide. Why, your Honour, Sir James Eyre, who has brought a number of witnesses in my favour.

His Honour. Who are they?

Oxide. One is a gentleman lately returned from India, who took me with great success.[1]

His Honour. Oh, he did, eh? Did you enter his system?

Oxide. I am not prepared to answer that question.

His Honour. I ask you did you enter the blood, or did you merely act upon the stomach and its adjacent surfaces?

Oxide. I am not prepared to answer that question.

His Honour. But sir, you say you did good.

Oxide. I cured the gentleman.

His Honour. Were you administered alone?

Oxide. No; with opium.

His Honour. On your oath, sir: how do you know it was not the opium, or the change of climate which benefited the patient?

Oxide. I really cannot say.

[1] Appendix, page 153.

His Honour. No, I fancy not. Then why do you arrogate all the credit to yourself?

Oxide. I have my other witnesses, who will testify to my good character and sanitary powers.

His Honour. Let them be called.

Enter a crowd of testimonials;[1] *one of them steps into the witness-box, and is sworn.*

His Honour. I understand, sir, you declare that your friend, Mr. Oxide, is a fit and proper person to fill the position of curator to the inside?

Testimonial. Yes, your Honour.

His Honour. Upon what grounds do you form your commendations?

Testimonial. He was administered in my presence, and in a week wrought wonders.

His Honour. Was he accompanied by any member of his family, friend, or strangers?

Testimonial. By no one.

His Honour. No rules insisted upon as to diet——

Testimonial. Oh, yes; a strict regimen was enjoined.

[1] Sir James Eyre publishes these himself.

His Honour. Anything else?

Testimonial (hesitating). Yes, sir.

His Honour. Come, sir, you are on your oath.

Testimonial. Early rising, too, was recommended.

His Honour. Ha! Were all the directions followed?

Testimonial. Oh yes.

His Honour. And the patient recovered?

Testimonial. Completely.

His Honour. Now, sir, again recollect your position in this court, and tell me how you arrive at the assumed fact that that medicine benefited you, and not the early rising and strict regimen.

Testimonial. I really cannot say.

His Honour. You may go, sir. (To Oxide.) So much for your witness; and as for your general evidence, there is such a manifest desire to equivocate, that I must refuse you a certificate.

Exit Oxide.

A.—If your ideas of physic are not better than your knowledge of law, I pity you. How would you treat bismuth, and that large class of medicines given to improve the digestive powers?

H.—Much in the same way. And I'd wager my best box of globules that I should catch them all tripping.

A.—But how would you treat those drugs considered specifics, such as quinine, in cases of ague?

H.—Why, I should first examine evidence as to *what*[1] they did, and then *how* they did it; and I should be very suspicious if they were unable to answer the second question. If, however, I was satisfied on the first point, I should include them amongst the very few remedies proper to administer, but at the same time I should reserve to myself the right to rescind any order I might make in their favour. If I descried them causing headach and sickness,[2] I should subpœna the whole of the Faculty, and go more fully into the matter than has ever yet been done.

A.—They would all differ even as to the general result upon the system.

1 Van Swieten, in his Commentaries on Boerhaave, says:—"In the meantime it may suffice for the physician to know the *effects* of a medicine, though he knows not the particular manner whereby it acts."

2 A common effect of quinine.

H.—You acknowledge that, do you! Well, I should go on pruning till even the dozen we before spoke of were reduced to half.

A.—A pleasant fellow. Would you bleed?

H.—Never.

A.—Then in some cases your patients would die?

H.—Possibly; but better one should die by not bleeding, than that hundreds should be killed by phlebotomy.

A.—In fact you would neither administer medicine, nor would you bleed?

H.—Exactly, and that is the reason I am an Homœopathist. People will have something,[1] and I give nothing, yet satisfy their demands.

A.—You are a queer fellow, and I am sure hun-

1 Corvisart, Napoleon's physician, was a great enemy to medicine. When the Empress Josephine insisted upon taking some, he gave her bread pills! Napoleon himself was perfectly incredulous as to the benefit of physic, and his remarks upon the human body should never be forgotten. "Our body, he said is a machine for the purpose of life: it is organised to that end—that is its nature. Leave the life then at its ease, let it take care of itself, it will do better than if you paralyse it by loading it with medicines. It is like a well-made watch, destined to go for a certain time; the watchmaker has not the power of opening it, he

dreds would have died in your hands if you had had the chance of killing them.

H.—Do you not think many thousands have been killed by physic?

A.—Why, y-e-s, per-haps.

H.—Do you think many hundreds have died through its absence?

A.—N-o.

H.—Enough; go through a sum of simple arithmetic, and I shall be satisfied.

A.—But I maintain we live in such an artificial state, that artificial remedies are essential.

H.—I will accord you the proposition, though I believe I could effectually refute the argument. Granted, then, we exist in an artificial condition; I maintain we do not live in such an extreme degree of artificiality as to require for the adjustment of health a recourse to the most involved, complicated, and subtle science in the whole cycle of human know-

cannot meddle with it but at random, and with his eyes bandaged. For one who, by dint of working it with his ill-formed instruments, succeeds in doing it any good, how many blockheads destroy it altogether!"

ledge. If our diet consisted of matters evoked from the deepest mysteries of art, then I grant you we should require remedies equally subtle; but if we live tolerably close to the laws of Nature (which I submit is the case), then we require equally simple remedies, for in diving for them too deeply, we overshoot the mark. When our ordinary food is adulterated, it is then we approach nearest to an extreme degree of artificiality; and then, I grant you, commensurate curative measures are necessary to restore the balance of health; but, excepting this, we consume only the products of the earth, without resorting to any very elaborate process for our ailments. I affirm, therefore, we do not require complicated remedies; but that, on the contrary, we need simple ones, and Nature will then perform her part with redoubled activity.

A.—But I have you on the hip, my friend. You infer, do you not, that we require remedies of the same nature as our food, only making a change in combination, &c?

H.—Yes, I do.

A.—But our food contains almost every compound

to be found in chemistry;[1] so that what is so natural when wrong combinations, proportions, or excesses produce disease, as to resort to the science of medicine, which includes the ultimate and proximate composition of such matters as we consume for our support?

H.—These facts by no means shake my position. If, as you say, food contains such a variety of compounds, as minerals, acids, alkalis, neutrals, and gases, then surely food in different form, combination,[2] or proportion, is the proper means to restore health; thus your argument is a weapon to turn against you.

A.—I cannot see it; but, if I understand rightly, this is your proposition. First, if we lived simply, as in the primitive ages, champing acorns and drinking

[1] Coffee and tobacco are said to yield traces of copper; and tamarinds of gold. The blow-pipe will melt the flinty part of wheaten straw into a bead of glass.

[2] The greatest wonders of chemistry are owing to combinations. Sugar, starch, and gum are very different substances, yet are composed of three elements, carbon, hyrdogen, and oxygen, the proportion of each making the difference.

water, we should require simples in case of disease. Secondly, if we live artificially, we require remedies as artificial as our method of existing. Thirdly, if we live *so* entirely artificially that the profoundest secrets of nature are explored to present us with our food, then and then only we shall require remedies equally difficult to obtain. Fourthly, you affirm that at present we do *not* live so artificially as set forth in your third position, yet, nevertheless, our medical curatives are as artificial as though we did.

H.—Precisely so; and the texture of medical science requires drawing closer together, for at present it is a mere sieve through which truth, if it arrives, runs, instead of remaining.

A.—I acknowledge we might often attack the diet instead of giving drugs. It is better to remove the cause of evil than to prescribe an antidote. I don't mind telling you that I shall turn my attention to this neglected part of the doctor's duties; but still I cannot but perceive that even evils have produced good—just look at the blessings of chloroform.

H.—And think you chloroform would not long ere

this have been known, had the science of medicine been studied upon sounder principles.

A.—How mean you—sounder principles?

H.—If, instead of the system of guess-work so long in existence, the efforts of our great men had been concentrated in the pursuits of anatomy, analysis, dissection, scientific analogies, and above all the microscope, I feel assured that discoveries of vast importance would have been ours at this day, but which we can now only look for in the future.

A.—You would hold medicine in abeyance till the collateral sciences have thrown more light upon its administration?

H.—Clearly. The first authorities of the day allow that the science of medicine is improving, *because* so many old nostrums are now discarded, and they also admit that the effects of their most pet physics are uncertain.[1] I believe too, that the best

1 "A medicine which at one time raises or excites the vital forces, may at another time depress them; it may be one thing with a sick man, the other thing with a healthy man; it may have the one effect when taken for a short time in moderation, the other effect when taken for a longor time in excess."—Headland's "Actions of Medicine."

nostrums are ever changing their modes of action, so that what may be good to-day may be evil to-morrow; and that the state of the mind, atmospheric influences, or some temporary alteration in the forces of the nervous system, may completely vary the effects of medicines upon the body.

A.—But how are we are to arrive at the modus operandi of medicines unless we try them?

H.—If you feel justified in making human beings subjects for experiment, I grant you very valuable discoveries may accrue thereby; and it might become a question with the Legislature whether, instead of sending our felons to the fairest spots on the earth to corrupt, it would not be as well to set the vilest aside, for the faculty to doctor!

A.—Poor wretches! That would be nearly as bad as the silent system,—a system which might have satisfied the demoniacal imagination of Ezzelino the Paduan.[1] I must admit, if we were honest we should

1 Surely Allopathist, is here right—the tortures of the middle ages, are by the silent system, revived to administer them to the mind, and reason is forced from her seat little by little! It were a mercy to kill a man rather than subject him to such horrors of feeling as only those who have studied psycho-

starve, and I suspect if we write over our doors, *Patients experimentalised upon for the benefit of Science*, we might wait a long time for their arrival.

H.—Depend upon it, you must arrive at my way of thinking, and "throw physic to the dogs," unless indeed your feelings of compassion should interfere in favour of those faithful creatures.

A.—At all events, you are a bold man to avow such sentiments.

H.—Oh, there is nobody here, and you dare not repeat them.

A.—Tell me truly, do you consider yourself a charlatan?

H.—Yes, to the world, but not to science. You are one to both.

A.—Much obliged. But you are not a bad fellow, and I promise you one good at least shall result from our conversation—I will plentifully dilute my medicines with the pure fluid.

logy as applied to medicine can understand. What says Dr. Winslow Forbes to this barbarous punishment, which is a disgrace to the age, and especially to England?

H.—Bravo! I give infinitessimal, and you diluted doses. We are both in the right path. Vive la bagatelle.

A.—I suppose then I must cry, Vive l'eau de puit.[1]

Exeunt different ways.

To return, however, to my tale. The globules of my friend were, of course, quite useless; so, as a dernier ressort, one of the first *surgeons* of the day was consulted; and, for the sake of a pleasing variety, he goes in for, and hopes to win by, saline mixture. Here he stands confessed in the form of

PRESCRIPTION.

Saline[2] Mixture, 6 oz.; Wine Seeds of Colchicum, Sweet Spirits Nitre, each, 4 scruples; Syr. Orange Peel, 2 drams.

Mix ¼ part every 6 hours.

Oh, ye gods, this was to be taken every six

[1] Allopathist coming to pump water at last, is, indeed a climax, which whether right or wrong, is brought about with considerable ingenuity and close reasoning.

[2] A certain medical gentleman, with whom we have the honour of being acquainted, insists that an excess of salt, taken during the prevalence of epidemics, will prevent infection, owing, he declares, to the large amount of pure chlorine evolved

hours! Human nature could not stand this, and a human stomach is equally open to prejudice; so without more ado I rejected every overture at reconciliation, even a new dose in the form of quinine, and refused to receive either liquid or solid, save dry toast and a little tea. Nothing could induce me to make up the quarrel; and the moment the slightest degree of force was resorted to, I turned more obstinate than ever, till I received a formal deputation from all the members of the corporation, intreating me to resume my functions if only a little at a time. At last I consented, but with very indifferent grace; and if the stern moralist feels disposed to condemn the spirit of my resentment, just let him, for one moment, place himself in my position. Here was I, a stomach of high pedigree, and of naturally a haughty and reserved temperament, made to work

by the stomach, this gas being the most disaffecting with which we are acquainted. In the columns of the *Times*, amongst the advertisements, there is very often to be seen the announcement of a work, showing that all diseases arise from the use of salt! People rush to a new theory, be it never so absurd, and no doubt the book has sold.

like a galley-slave, at all hours of the day and night. This I bore with proud resignation till the last merciless load, metaphorically speaking, broke my back, and I was incapable of stirring hand or foot. In this deplorable state they use whip and goad; and when these fail, they resort to the administration of the most horrid compounds which they can wring from Nature, at which Science herself makes the ugliest grimaces of aversion.

Just fancy yourself, oh thou too prone to condemn others, while suffering from debility and low spirits, being unceremoniously carried off, and made to sit in the torture chamber of suspense, while a chartered toxicologist prescribes his nostrums, which you know you are doomed to swallow! Fair Rosamond herself had the option of the poison or the dagger. I had never even the choice given me, or depend upon it I should soon have terminated my sufferings by the latter. The tyrant of Syracuse, or the crowned fiddler of Rome, could never have exceeded the exquisite torments to which I was so mercilessly subjected. If you

doubt this, oh sceptic! make a list of the drugs and poisons—ay, literally poisons—which I have given you the opportunity of counting, and glance at the charming epitome whence have come all the echoes of my wailing. Condemn me not, therefore, but rather have pity upon my sufferings, and take warning that you never submit your own poor dependent inside, to similar suffering and indignities. Still, however, I was not lost to all sense of compassion; and as I before said, at the touching appeal of others, I resumed my duties, but with sorrow at the past and distrust for the future.

Some time after this episode in my existence, an event occurred which, if it had no other good effect, acted as an entire alterative. Reader, *I fell in love*. Now, I beg that I may not be laughed at for this confession; but let me tell you a stomach *has* a heart, and a very tender one too.[1] The worst part of the affair was that, like the great potentates of the earth, I was obliged to promise my affections to an object I had never seen. It

[1] "A heart," by metonymy—a figure our author is compelled constantly to use.

is true Mr. Brain gave me an inkling of her likeness; but the reader will see at once, from the nature of my position, that I was not capable of visional contemplation. Upon this point, indeed, I was so much interested, that I longed to knock away the plaster between the ribs, and get a glance at the lady; but as such a proceeding would have been unjust to others, I sat like Pyramis behind a wall, without even a chink through which to look at Thisbe. I soon discovered that the damsel, who was the cause of this internal commotion (for there was not a portion of the whole body but which was influenced in some way or other) was nothing better than a Hosier's daughter, living near the University.

I fear this statement will let the air out of any little interest some fair reader might otherwise have taken in my narrative; but I am bound to a strict adherence to truth. I wish with all my heart I could have introduced a heroine in my simple memoirs; but, alas! she on whom my master lavished his affections sold stockings and socks, and whose only psychological tendency was

to deal in lindsey woolsey souls! As the best representative of a long line of Stomachs, formerly of Sternum Hall, now of Eaton Moor, I felt personally the let down of an alliance, with a family who could only add a stocking to the garter already on our escutcheon. However, my passion was sincere, or perhaps it would be better to say *our* passion; for though I was willing enough to take all the merit of love to myself, when I thought the object might have done credit to our pedigree; yet after the information I received touching her questionable origin, I desire to share my affections, as in reality I did, with the living and moving framework in which I was enclosed. [1] To continue the plural number, therefore, this *our* passion was sincere; and that constant manufacturer of sighs, Mr. Lungs, betook himself more than ever to fanning the flame of love, and my near locality to the current of air was by no means agreeable:—A residence close to a pair of bellows, even though they work in the cause of Eros, is not

[1] This seems to us a piece of gratuitous candour, and strongly smacks of affectation.

agreeable; added to this, my food constantly lay undigested, like a hard dumpling in my inside, for I was so intent upon the novel nature of my feelings, that I neglected the usual routine of my duties.

By no means the worst part of the business was, that love turned my gentleman into no less a personage than a Poet, and his sentences issued from his lips in rhythm. How curious is this very usual result of love upon human beings! Is it that the anticipated sum of their happiness can only be added up in numbers? To "lisp in numbers" is a common expression; and until now I thought that it alluded to financial gentlemen. However that may be, here was my good master all of a sudden turned into a water-drinker at the Castalian font, and an herbaceous animal nibbling in the pastures of Parnassus. What *is* it in love, I ask again, which has such an extraordinary effect? Does it touch the key-note of a man's nature, and change him into a would-be musical instrument? But then he notes nothing save his engrossing passion, and only plays a duetto with excessive selfishness. To me it is all a mystery; and perhaps I

might take a different view of the matter, only it so happened I was constantly being woke up in the middle of the night, and found myself either walked up and down the room, the maniac repeating love ditties, or else I was pressed most inconveniently against the sides of a table, while another and deeper form of madness was exhibited in his scribbling doggrel, or if anything better was composed, I beg pardon, for it was more than I was. Conceive my outraged feelings at these nightly disturbances, and it really seemed as if destiny took a delight in injuring and insulting me. Then perhaps he would vary these amusements by singing, absolutely singing, during the small hours of the morning! This latter annoyance was not only severely felt by myself, but also by my near neighbours, and aroused my profoundest feelings of contempt.

One night when we should all have been safely locked in the arms of the poppy-crowned god, my restless gentleman gave vent to a gush of sentiment in the form of a song, which would easily be recognised as one of Moore's most

beautiful. I believe, too, it was decently enough born into vocal form, and tolerably well accompanied on the piano; but I have no ear for music; and the wheezing of the bellows, belonging to a certain organ, is always so near me, that I am unable to appreciate any melody which may happen to exist in the voice. But I was savage at being kept up late o' night; and so, for my own especial recreation, I composed the following:—

THE POET[1] AND THE STOMACH.

I.

Oft in the chilly night,
When slumber should have bound him,
Pale Phosphor[2] gives its light,
His dressing-gown around him.

[1] Nothing is so low, intellectually speaking, as a burlesque even when in the form of a parody, as close to the original as the one above, and nothing so easy to perpetrate. We should have indignantly erased this song from the MS., but it may be as well, perhaps, for the reader to perceive how very possible it is, when instructing others, to err, and that most egregiously, ourselves.

[2] Does he mean by this that Phosphor, or the morning star, sheds its pale light for the poet's benefit, or does he refer to the match-box? If both, we must say the commonplace is well concealed by the poetical.

He rushes then
For ink and pen,
To write some lines in measure,
The while poor I
Can only sigh,
Nor glow with Poet's pleasure.
Thus, in the chilly night,
When slumber should have bound him;
Sad Phosphor gives its light,
His dressing-gown around him.

II.

When I remember all
The many hours wasted;
Those dainties turned to gall
Which I had lately tasted.
I must lament
The time misspent,
The hours snatched from slumber;
The stomach's curse
Is midnight verse,
Without regard to number!
Thus, in the chilly night,
When slumbers should have bound him;
Sad Phosphor gives its light,
His dressing-gown around him.

After having accomplished this, I felt somewhat easier in my mind; and I have the vanity to think even this attempt excelled the abortive efforts of my master. Some of his wretched outpourings I happen to remember; and I give the reader an idea of them here, as a warning to all whom it may concern, that when they believe they are spouting poetical nonsense to the winds, there may be a stomach within listening to it all, with a sneer on his lips and rancour in his heart. The antecedent circumstances were these. Oftentimes it so happened, after we had retired for the night, instead of sleeping, we lay tossing and fidgetting (and all lovers will agree to the frequency of this), while the cocks, and clocks, and the watchmen, rivalled one another in telling us the hours. Yes, slumber was effectually chased by the winged urchin; and the drowsy old god dared not approach the bright torch of the boy. I admit it was, perhaps, useless remaining in bed to be tossed on a sea of restlessness; but still *I* was warm, and contented, and comfortable. No matter, out we were bundled; the lucifer match evoked the spirit of light; a warm

dressing robe was cast over us; the keeping-room adjoining was sought (they were University chambers, remember); the decaying embers in the grate were scraped together; and down we sat to a table covered with writing implements—those innocent causes of my misery. The Poet's eye *may* roll in a fine frenzy, for all I know to the contrary; but during his lucubrations, his stomach is in a very different situation, and *his* frenzy is of another sort. Well, the poet writes, and in this wise:—

TO JULIA.

"Aurora rises, and the purple dawn
("purple" is struck out and "rosy" added.)
With coronet of light doth rise;

("rises," in first line, struck out, and "cometh" inserted.)

And I awake with love, perceive the dawn,
And greet her coming with my sighs.

(This he repeats as corrected, and on he goes)—

"And wherefore sighs? Oh, not for gold,
Nor treasures such as earth bestows;

(He here pauses, and repeats "gold, told, mould, fold;" how I longed to put in, "Oh, go to bed, or else you'll catch a cold.")

I sigh for beauty in a lovely mould,
Yes, Julia could dispel my woes."

(The lines are carefully corrected, the word "trashy" inserted before the word "gold"—a very appropriate word too. Then he carefully re-writes the lines; and from out the chaotic state they emerge in poetic form, thus:—

I.

"Aurora cometh, and the purple dawn
With coronet of light doth rise;
And I awake with love, perceive the dawn,
And greet her coming with my sighs,

II.

"And wherefore sighs? Oh, not for trashy gold,
Nor treasures such as earth bestows;
I sigh for beauty in a lovely mould,
Yes, Julia could dispel my woes."

I too sighed for something in a mould, but it wasn't beauty. And out of the evil conceivings of

my heart, I parodied the effusion in the following manner, which I have the conceit to believe stands unequalled for poetical imagery and boldness of metaphor:—

TO JULIA,

UPON THE DAY PROMISING TO BE STORMY.

I.

Stern night hath faded, and the fiery dawn
  Glows like a savage lion in his rage;
The streaky, bar-like sunbeams of the morn,
  Are as the golden barriers to his cage.

II.

Oh, Julia! gaze one moment on the East,
  The look will soothe the fierceness of the ray;
'Twill change the threatening aspect of the beast,
  Into a calm and sweetly-smiling day.[1]

[1] Our friend seems to be proud of his poetical essays; but it must be admitted the figure of comparing the fiery dawn—such as Danby delights in—to a lion in a cage with golden bars is very original; while Julia's changing that noble animal by a look into a sweet, calm day—such as Creswick loveth—is highly complimentary to the lady.

The two verses—not mine, but my master's—are then by him read and re-read; and diving into the realms of imagination for fresh ideas, divers alterations are consequently made; so many, indeed, that in course of time the whole of their constituent parts are changed. I must do my gentleman the justice to say, however, that, like Saturn, he unmercifully destroyed his own progeny; and after trying every description of metre which he fancied Boileau or Horace might approve, he at length retires upon the Latin Hexameter, as being the longest and strongest on which to pile his pyramid of nonsense. All, however, is useless. The divine afflatus will not descend; and then he betakes himself to those peregrinations again, of which I so complained just now, and calls upon his memory in favour of the lyric poets, and repeats aloud such strains as he believes most appropriate to his present love-sick mood. Under such circumstances, Little is to him extremely great. Yes, Moore is not only suggestive of all that is musical and elegant in song, but also very clearly expressed that which I dreamt of—repose.

When I glance at the above expressions in print, I must acknowledge to several twinges of conscience at the depreciation of my master's poetic powers; so, as a little salve to my own feelings, and as a matter of justice to the individual thus maligned, I here insert a song of his composition, which may perhaps be considered as an exception to the usually strict rule of his evil-doings:—

LOVE'S ASTRONOMY.

An Concetto.

1.

Ianthè, my love, did the thought ever strike you,
The world, after all, is a beautiful thing;
Containing so much to enchant and delight you,
That clustered to guard it, are stars in a ring?

2.

They say look to Zenith, and there ever beaming
Are golden-eyed stellar orbs, pensive with love;
But below at Antipodes, Nadir is teeming,
The East and the West, too, are gemmed as above.

3.

No question our Earth is the centre of Heaven,
And stars are battalions around us at night;
Their watch-fires are lighted, the pass-word is given,
And all we see *here* is their bivouac's light.

4.

To me, I confess, 'tis an exquisite pleasure,
Each eve when that camp of the mighty appears,
To fancy I list to a heavenly measure,
As planets march out to "the music of spheres."

5.

And do we not see, too, on Summer's night clearly,
A meteor drop down from the ranks in the sky;
We call it a shooting star, but it is really
A sentinel chasing a spirit on high.

6.

A spirit of evil entranced with thy beauty,
Attempts on the bloom of its sweetness to light;
But discovered in time by the sentry on duty,
He saves my Ianthè, and chastens the sprite.

7.

I own I am puzzled if e'er I endeavour
To tell what becomes of the stars in the day;
And I cannot account for the fact, that whenever
The sun is seen rising they all run away.

I trust I shall not be considered as violating the sacredness of a lover's most lonely hours, in thus making the reader acquainted with those moments of existence, when love, like an Ariel, plays such strange freaks with poor mortals; and I hope I may not be considered frivolous in descending from the dignity of history to recount matter of a domestic and confidential nature.

But now to continue the thread of my narrative. Had it not been that at this period we went abroad, the consequences of these visits and other evils might have been serious. As it was, the entire body grew wofully emaciated; and my friend upstairs having received his degree of B.A., off we started for the Rhine, since people affirmed that travelling was the only remedy against the inroads of the *tender* passion

—so called, I suppose, from the victim being usually so thoroughly done. Apropos to this, I must here explain that one of my peculiarities consisted of an intense hatred of food underdressed. Indeed, I looked upon this matter from a very serious point of view, and I expressed my repugnance so strongly that I was generally humoured by my master. Mutton underdone is simply sheep, and so on with all the animal supplies. Nature, I am quite sure, never intended the flesh part of our aliment to be eaten otherwise than thoroughly cooked, inasmuch as the raw material is never so well adapted for the system as when chemically changed by the action of fire, seeing that the nitrogenous principles are thereby coagulated, and so become the most nutritious element in food.[1] How-

[1] Azote, or nitrogen. Liebig's Animal Chemistry supports this view of our friend; but the assertion is very much disputed by prize-fighters, rowers, athletæ in general, and men of strong powers of digestion, who usually prefer meat underdone, and are strong advocates of its wholesomeness. We must remember that our author is of a sensitive and delicate constitution and perhaps his repugnance to food underdone may arise from imagination as well as from an outraged palate.

ever this may be, all I know is, my horror of red meat, the juices of which people termed "only the gravy," but which the indignant truthfulness of my whole nature denominated blood, soared far beyond all powers of reason; and whenever I heard a man in a coffee-room order his steak underdone, or scold the waiter because the joint was done brown, I thanked Providence that at least I was not his particular inside. Just in the same way an individual may be supposed to thank Heaven he was not born amongst the Anthropophagi. By the way, Sarcophagy[1] (I should not be deemed erudite and a proper authority if I did not introduce long names), with the necessary accompaniment of carmine fluid, establishes a very close degree of consanguinity between ourselves and those much maligned gentlemen at the antipodes, who evidence one of the great cardinal virtues by a love for one another. "Oh, I could eat you up," is a colloquial term of endearment in highly civilised life, and the practice and wish expressed form a very delicate line of demarcation; so that, by this system of argument, it is

[1] Sarcophagy—the practice of eating flesh.

possible to prove that people are cannibals; and such description of logic is, I hear, very much in vogue, both in the theological and in the medical world.[1]

But let us consider: I am now on the Rhine, and I should like to say something of the scenery, more especially as I have never seen it. But I fear the subject is used up; and therefore, purely on conscientious grounds, I refrain from drawing upon my powers of invention, and it is merely necessary for me to say that the change of diet agreed with me very well, and I was only once thoroughly shocked by receiving a piece of raw ham, which I rejected with vigorous disdain. The light Rhenish wines, at first, caused me a few uneasy sensations, which, when I exhibited, procured for me a more generous sort, called, for the sake of brevity, Asmanhäuser. Altogether I enjoyed myself exceedingly, for I was ever a lover of variety notwithstanding my sex; and let me tell you (for I never

[1] We cannot but deplore this unnecessary divergence of our author from his starting point, to enjoy a thrust at matters he has no business to introduce.

permit a point of information to escape me) that the powers of assimilation greatly prefer variety of food, and that few things are more unwholesome or disgusting than lumps of one sort of meat, such as we find served up in dear old England.[1] The lightness of the air, too, made me quite joyful; for the air has always a great influence upon my feelings and health, through the medium of the blood becoming purified, owing to the polite attention of my neighbours the Lungs. Amongst all the changes of scene, however, we had not forgotten our passion for the fair hosieress, and many a glass of Liebfrauenmilch (appropriate name[2]) was quaffed to her memory.

Passing into Switzerland, the thinness of the wine nearly turned me into a vinegar cruet,[3] and glad enough I was when we retraced our steps, crossed

1 "Man can live and thrive only upon food analogous to himself;" not that he is composed of bread, meat, wine, spirits, and vegetables, but the elements of these matters serve to replace the wear and tear of his system.—See Liebig's Theory of Life.

2 Literally, "good wife's milk."

3 Aviendo pregonado vino, vend vinágre. After having cried up the wine, they sell vinegar.

the frontiers at Kehl; and after dining at a capital table d'hôte at the Hotel de France at Strasburg, I was treated, for the first time, to such excellent Burgundy, that, had I possessed lips, I would have smacked them in sympathy with those above. As it was, I evinced my approval so cordially, that I received a *leetle* too much of a good thing, and I sent a messenger upstairs with a cup of the overplus to Mr. Brain, who deported himself in such an extraordinary manner, and suggested such queer conduct to the entire body, that I really was quite ashamed of the whole affair. I positively dare not tell you all that occurred; but, next morning, feeling very unwell, I hinted at the necessity for less potations in future; and I am happy to say the advice was properly attended to, for my master had not forgotten his troubles at college. If people generally responded with greater alacrity to any little hint I send up, it would be infinitely for their own benefit, and of course mine also; and I must here beg that the reader will not in any way confuse me with that false rogue and sinner, scarcely deserving his roof to cover him—Mr. Palate.

Paris was next our abiding place, and in this capital I received some very delicate attentions. I was usually taken to the first-rate Restaurants, and often dined in company with some rather fast young Frenchmen, connected with a government office, whose salaries were very small, but whose expenditure presented a striking contrast. They thoroughly understood ordering a good dinner; and if I remembered the exact bill of fare of any especial feast, I would certainly here insert it, simply for the benefit of those who look over a French *carte*, with a very puzzled air, as if they were studying Cherokee or the arrow-headed characters.

I observe, with some degree of surprise, that although Mr. John Bull has a reputation for being a great glutton, the French freely pay a much larger sum for their dinner than we do. People whom one could easily imagine not able to afford so many sous, invest from five to twenty francs for their grand meal as a matter of course. What with a heavy midday breakfast, a capital dinner at seven; coffee, liqueurs, cigars, ices, and sorbets, as small matters of dalliance during the

intervals, with perhaps just a plat of golden plovers and a bottle of champagne at midnight, a French gentleman may lay claim, quite as pretentious as an Englishman, to a love of the good things of this life, —but then the Gallic gourmét is an artist. Every dish has a chromatic relation with its antecedent. Every condiment has a studied specific purpose; and every bottle of wine is either harmonic, or a proper discord with, the particular entremets over which it is destined to commingle.[1] The English system of cookery it would be impertinent for me to describe; but still when I think of that huge round of par-boiled ox flesh, with sodden dumplings, floating in a saline, greasy mixture, surrounded by carrots looking red with disgust, and turnips pale with dismay, I cannot help a sort of inward shudder, and making comparisons unfavourable to English gastronomy. It was all very well for the sense of sight, and sometimes that of smell, to complain, but what were their grievances to mine? Oh, Hercules, how I did work!

1 A glass of liqueur should be taken after coffee. French epicures style these—1, Chasse; 2, Rincette; 3, Surrincette 4, Gloria!

As though everything in Paris were to be bright and agreeable, who should we stumble against in the Louvre but the hosier of Bridgecam and his fair daughter. The first intimation I received of the fact was an increased action of the heart, which extended its influence to myself, and soon I heard a voice exclaim, "Oh, papa, there is Mr. ——." Papa, I fancy, was hurrying away with the poor fluttering bird; but my owner, without thinking of consequences, obeyed the impulses of the moment, and what with shaking of hands and accents, and mutual blunders, and incoherent questions with answers to match, I must confess I was highly diverted; the long and short of it all being, we were invited to papa's house, or rather lodgings, in the Rue des Comédiens, the heart still in a state of tremulousness; and I am compelled, by the fealty I have sworn to truth, to confess that, when the elderly gentleman turned his back, I felt a soft female relative pressed gently against me, and from the lips above issued—a renewed declaration of passion. This was all very well and very agreeable, but in no wise did it compensate me for being

deprived of my dinner; and I took care, upon a reiteration of the evil, to have my revenge. This soon occurred; and while the hours slipped away in the "soft interchange of mutual feelings of esteem," I was, of course, again neglected and forgotten. This made me very sulky, and tinctured my views of things in general with an unwholesome colouring. Secreting, therefore, certain morbulent acids, I imparted my disgust to the whole system, and produced so much irritation that a quarrel sprung up between the pair, and for the second time they were upon the point of separating. My advice to all lovers, therefore, is, take care of your Stomach, for his influence is greater than you imagine; and I feel perfectly persuaded, that more love matches have been broken off owing to this very respectable organ than to any other cause. It is all very well to term the reasons for remaining single—prudence, and the necessity of providing means to keep your carriage and servants, and all that sort of thing; but the truth is, a derangement of the digestive powers makes both men and women petulant, oversensitive, sceptical, and fastidious, and it engenders

a host of other ill qualities, erroneously thought to emanate from the brain or liver. The ancients were wrong, when they attributed to this last organ the seat of the affections; and the moderns are equally so in debiting love to the account of the heart. The stomach is the real source of that sublime passion, and I swell with pride and inward satisfaction when I make the avowal.[1]

Eventually regaining my good temper, the lovers made up their quarrel and also their minds to marry, and here all the romance of the matter ends. Schiller,[2] I believe it is, who declares that the psychological part of love commences with the first sigh and ends with the first kiss. I *could* say a good deal on this subject, and put Mr. Schiller to rights, as well as many authors who discourse anent this, but I have certain reasons for silence not to be disregarded.

1 In vain we have searched the works of this author. Will the editor of *Notes and Queries* inform us?

2 Paracelsus exalts the "archæus" in a similar manner, and believed its seat was in the stomach, and the same as a sentient soul. Van Helmont, to whom (considering the period in which he lived) medicine was indebted so much, held similar ideas; and declared that by virtue of the "archæus," man was linked to genii and to spirits.

Shortly after the event of our union (and now, I need scarcely say, I was no longer troubled with poetical effusions), we retraced our steps homeward, a fog, of course, welcoming us back to merry England; and as there was one when I left, I imagined it had remained in possession of the city all the time we were living under the blue sky abroad. The most agreeable thing that awaited us was a tremendous outburst of indignation from our friends, at making a match so much beneath us; but as the evil was done, we bent to the breeze, and settled down into respectable married life.

The married state, I must admit, agreed with me extremely; and I believe this period would have been the happiest in my life, but for the incessant change of our cooks. The moment one of these fair ministers of our appetites arrived at the point of making some peculiar dish entirely to my satisfaction, that moment she was sure to be discovered in too hospitable a communion with the policeman, falsely called "on duty," and was consequently dismissed our establishment; or else she took French leave to go out when she chose; or else she was too pretty; or too

much addicted to the contents of master's cellaret; or too generous to her cousins in the Coldstream Guards; at all events, something always went wrong, just at the culminating point of perfection. I regarded the high priestess of the kitchen as my especial good or evil genius; and I firmly believe the sharpness of the saw, which sayeth, "God sent food, and the De'il cooks." The only doubt I have is, whether, when they get discharged by family after family, the obliging Mr. Pluto takes them back into his service again. If so, I cannot at all wonder at the very natural dread which all people manifest at the idea of only a temporary abode in Hades. There was one other evil too from which I suffered—the disparity of tastes between our bride and myself. She, poor, tender Stomach, was incapable of enjoying the sterner dishes of life; and consequently I often found myself coaxed into receiving messes and slops which I abhorred. This, however, was only occasional; and again I aver I found the marriage state to be very conducive to health and comfort.

By this time our father-in-law had become a great

man in the City. He was already a member of the Corporation, and in due time will most likely reach the summit of his ambition, the civic chair. Between himself and my external person or entirety, the living and breathing man, in whose chest I was locked, there never had existed that perfect cordiality which should exist between relatives;[1] for the fact is, my master's avocations being connected with literature and art, produced a natural disgust in the mind of his wife's parent. The finer sensibilities, which take refuge in pen, ink, paper, and books, do not, and never will, accord with those purely money-getting pursuits which call a different set of faculties into being. This is quite right, and does not involve any serious matter for condemnation on either side, only the manifestation of disdain which rich Mr. Ledger exhibits towards poor Mr. Bookworm, sometimes assumes a form closely verging on the ludicrous. This sort of ill feeling, though existing between our wife's father and her husband did not burn with so intense a fire as to consume all

[1] Should exist, but too often does not, and—"acerrima proximorum odia."

the amenities of family intercourse, and many were the civic feasts we revelled in. My belief is, if I had never passed Temple Bar I should at this moment have been at least ten years younger in feelings; but as it is, my constitution is undermined, and not with blowing up, but blowing out.

It is wonderful what a deal of packing the whole of our family will stand. For myself I was a perfect dromedary in the quantity I could bear; and though I often thought the last mouthful would break my back, yet somehow it all shook down like passengers crowded inside an omnibus. I do not mean, by any means, to say that I never grumbled, for, like the animal just named, I had a groan for every package that I considered too heavy; but all I now got for my pains was a spur, or goad, in the shape of a glass of raw spirits—neat, but not wholesome—which at first had the effect in suddenly rousing me up to action, like a stripe on a sleeping mule, but I took care to be surly enough afterwards, and my energies oftener flagged after this whipping than before.

Now I am grown old and grey in service I

cannot but lament how foolishly my master spurred a willing horse by these constant applications of alcohol. They contributed more to make me a wreck than even the overloading, and they affected Mr. Head above in such a manner as made me believe he was sometimes out of his mind; and let me tell you an insane gentleman on the last landing is no joke for the other lodgers. Familiarity breeds contempt, and this applies especially to stomachs. At first these small drams stimulated to increased action, till I got used to their burning effects: then they came down stronger and oftener. After a time I refused to work without the scourge, and so fresh evils accumulated, till my master very nearly became a confirmed drunkard. From this he was saved by a hydropathic doctor, but very nearly paid the penalty of restored health by first dying. Aquarius came it too strong, or rather too weak, and, instead of letting me down by degrees, he cut off my supplies at once; the consequence being that from the sudden reaction I nearly came once more to a standstill, and I can fancy the agonies I inflicted on all around by my

want of action. At length, by more prudent treatment, I slowly recovered my energies, but I never regained my pristine vigour, and when anything went a little wrong I longed again for the fillip, and threatened a relapse.

Time wore on, however, and Mr. Hosier having risen to the dignity of Lord Mayor and filled the civic throne with honour and glory to himself, was gathered to his fathers, and left his daughter, my master's wife, a thumping legacy. I now remarked that those very persons who had been loudest in their condemnation at our *mèsalliance* were the first to come and do the civil, and they sent in their condolences in a very marked and amiable manner. This accession of good fortune was all in my favour, for I had only to express a desire to have it gratified, but still an insatiable longing for my old flame alcohol would intrude itself. This I have reason to know occasioned my master the deepest anxiety, but being a man of a somewhat determined character he sought refuge in the counter-excitement of ecclesiastical disputations, and cast himself into the vortex of certain sectarian

quarrels which happened to rage at this time. So much hatred and fierce passion was engendered by this phase in his life, that the state of excitement upstairs prevented the growing of *my* spiritual desires, upon the principle, I suppose, of one poison driving out another.[1] I need scarcely say that true religion had nothing at all to do with the whole affair, but they used her name, and fought under a banner painted to resemble her own beautiful one. Such an amount of gall, ill feeling, ignorance, superstition, and bigotry was exhibited as made even a stomach, usually indifferent to such subjects, disgusted and grieved. This lasted for some time, but at length the wave of evil passions subsided on our side, and the real judgment of the man coming forth showed him his folly and unchristian conduct.

These ups and downs and changes in our constitution I am compelled, as a writer of memoirs loving the truth, to thus narrate, for unimportant as they are when regarded from an ordinary point of view,

[1] Hippocrates thought differently. He says:—Τὰ ἐναντία τῶν ἐναντίων ἐστὶν ἰήματα. "Contraries are the remedies of contraries."

yet considering the close connexion of myself with the occurrences, and the peculiarity of my position, as at once a writer, a commentator, an actor, and a paunch, there springs up—at least I trust so—an interest independent of the mere text.

I must, however, hasten to a close; but before I do so, I should ill fulfil the task I have undertaken were I not to endeavour, in as few words as possible, to impart what knowledge I possess of the means to keep, through my assistance, the entire corporeal system in health and comfort, so that when life is yielded up to its great Giver, memory may be eloquent of past blessings; and that gratitude and love may help to gently release the spirit from the miracle of life.

It will be admitted from the foregoing narrative that I have gone through the ordinary ups and downs of life, and though my existence has been free from those extraordinary circumstances which a novelist loveth, yet at least I have enjoyed variety. I have had both the lean and the fat of things consumable, wholesome and unwholesome, sometimes living like a fighting cock, and some-

times like a London sparrow. The pangs of starvation I have never known; but, oh! how indescribably fearful they must be, for even a temporary forgetfulness on the part of my master during his love-making produced cravings I shall always remember. Verily, the rich of the land hold a stewardship from Providence of an awful responsibility; and when the accounts are at last rendered—what of the items wherein starvation amidst affluence is set down against the debtor Dives? Of this gaunt and horrible spectre, however, I had not even an idea beyond the little delay to which I have just alluded, and the small irregularities in my supply consisted more of matters pertaining to quality than to quantity.

I have dined at eating-houses, the effluvia of which, steaming up through the iron grating, made me qualmish before eating, and ill all the day after. I have enjoyed myself at some of the first clubs in town; I have luxuriated at some of the best restaurants in Europe; I have groped my way down hypocausts in Fleet-street, and dined in cavern-like taverns, wishing myself a thousand

miles away the moment the eternal joint was uncovered; I have fed gloriously in the coffee-rooms in firstrate hotels both in London and in fashionable watering-places, where the waiters are all fine gentlemen, who attend to you with an air of condescension beautiful to witness—who walk noiselessly about (they ought to wear roses in their button-holes[1]) like votaries of Harpocrates, upon double-piled carpets—who with their snow-white neck-ties have the appearance of gentlemen hired to say grace—who will take nothing less than silver for their gratuity, but who never consider it *infra dig.* in the service of

[1] Being aware that our author has constantly some second meaning expressed or understood, I was unwilling to remain satisfied with believing this allusion to the rose a simple desire that the waiters should be decorated, and I think the following throws a light upon the subject:—"The rose was considered by the ancients as an emblem of silence, from its being dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, to engage him to conceal the actions of his mother Venus. Whence, in rooms designed for convivial meetings, it was customary to place a rose above the table, to signify that anything there spoken ought never to be divulged. The epigram says:

Est rosa flos Veneris, cujus quo facta laterent,
Harpocrati, matris dona, dicavit amor.
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,
Conviva ut sub eâ dicta tacenda sciat."

their employers, to give you false measure for your wine. Of wines, too, I have had an equal variety, from the Johannisberg, with the golden seal, and a sherry called, if I remember rightly, Per Alta, at four guineas a bottle (!), down to the poverty-stricken Marsala, at ninepence the humble half-pint. The sweet but thin wines of Italy; the sour wines of Switzerland; the light but aromatic wines of the Rhine and the Moselle; the generous wines of France, and, oh! especially the ruby Burgundy, which the sun has kissed with his own lips; the potent wines of Spain; the astringent fluids of Portugal; not omitting the strong potations of the New World; all these it has been my lot in turn to turn in, and I can safely say I have done my best to receive each and every one with that friendly interest and warmth which it is an English stomach's prerogative to exhibit to all guests who arrive, bringing proper recommendations from foreign climes.

In truth, I believe I may safely aver I know all the chromatic colourings of taste from those dainty sublimated ones in alto, to the more robust

but less flavourable in basso, and notwithstanding this heterogeneous mass being presented at my court, I should scarcely have been the worse for the introduction (saving certain adulterated abominations[1]) had it not been for that accursed spirit called by the poor Indian, whom it has helped to exterminate, "fire water." This demon had no sooner crossed my threshhold than all went wrong; but he made himself so fascinating that I

1 In 1851, there were fewer pipes of wine imported by 217, than in 1788, the population having more than doubled in the interval! It is scarcely necessary to say how very much adulteration must have to do with this increasing diminution. The manufacturer of wines, without the juice of grapes, has become quite a science; and though chemistry has aided and abetted the nefarious system, yet chemistry turns Queen's evidence, and becomes the means of conviction. "A fine fruity port" is often made as follows:—Damson wine, eleven gallons; brandy, five gallons; cyder, thirty-six gallons; elder wine, eleven gallons. Nothing here is detrimental to health, but salts of copper and the oil of bitter almonds (both poisonous) are very often resorted to—the one to impart an astringent flavour, the other a perfume. The ends of the corks are usually dipped in a decoction of Brazil wood and alum, to paint them with the appearance of age. Those who are curious to know by what means the extensive system of food-adulteration is carried on, should consult the *Lancet* on the subject, or perhaps better still, peruse a very able article in the January number of the *New Quarterly Review*, entitled "Falsification of Food."

always felt spellbound by his presence, and the oftener he came the more I regarded his society. Of course, there were a multitude of minor little matters connected with edibles, which ranged between good, bad, and indifferent, as did likewise the wines, and the ordinary articles of daily consumption, such as coffee, tea, beer, cocoa, chocolate, "et hoc genus omne," and these, when in a pure state, which I am sorry to say was very rarely the case, were all received by me in the politest manner, which reception indeed they well deserved, from their intrinsic worth, and the benefit they conferred upon myself.

Undoubtedly, all stomachs have their own peculiar idiosyncrasy; and I do not pretend to put myself up as an authority upon all dietetic matters, but certain doctrines I will never give up, upon a principle of obstinacy entirely my own. These especial points of my obstinacy may be summed up in a few general rules; and the first is, MODERATION. With this as your weapon you may defy the De——octors. Secondly, if by any chance you should sacrifice to Epicurus a little too devotedly, all I ask is to give me REST, that I may

profit by that grand and beautiful law, the "VIS MEDICATRIX NATURÆ," which often proves so great a friend to the medical practitioner, that even, in spite of physic, he reaps all the credit and reward of Nature's exertions. Thirdly, never resort for advice, when ailing, to such medical men as prescribe large doses, for they know no more of the *modus operandi* of the most simple drug than moles do of astronomy. It is true they are aware that certain physics have certain effects, such as those that are drastic, those which are opiates, those which act upon the skin, or on the glandular tissues, &c., &c.; but they are profoundly ignorant (and will admit it) of the cause and manner of action.[1] The most

1 An elaborate essay, by Mr. F. W. Headland, has lately appeared, to which has been awarded the Fothergillan gold medal, wherein he treats of the actions of medicine upon the system. The entire work is one great *exposé* of the utter ignorance abroad as to the *modus operandi* of medicine. Whether the author himself throws new light upon the science, or whether the thesis is merely an ingenious series of hypotheses, it is not for us to say; but Mr. Headland's libéral views and perfect candour are indisputable. In his introductory remarks, he writes:—"I am induced to lay stress on the difficulties surrounding an inquiry into the *modus operandi* of medicines, because it will be some ex-

childish question will puzzle the most learned Hippocrates. Why does opium, for instance, act diametrically opposite upon two different constitutions—to the one it is a sedative, the other it excites. Yet how often does a physician *(vide* prescription page) prescribe opium the very first time the patient consults him, before he has ever attempted to enter into the diagnosis of his complaint. Experience has informed them of a few specifics, *i. e.*, of certain effects under the adminis-

cuse for the manifest insufficiency of the sketch which I am about to draw. For this, too, I may find a further apology in the fallacies and mistakes, both of reasoning and statement, of which previous writers have been guilty. These are best shown by their discrepancies. *On no question, perhaps, have scientific men differed more than on the theory of the action of medicines.*

Again:—"Most authors have grouped remedies together according to the broad result of their action. They do not make inquiry as to the mode of operation or behaviour of a medicine after passage into the system; nor do they ask whether this action is especially directed to any organ or tissue; but they judge by external evidence of its ultimate effect on the body, and on the powers of life."

The seeming paradox, "the more we know, the more we know the less we know," is here triumphantly put forth; but such works have one great advantage—if they do not show us what is right, they go a great way in exposing that which is wrong; and the most likely method of leading to important discoveries, is to carefully close up those paths which we know lead to error.

tration of certain drugs, and upon such data has been constructed one of the most glaringly false systems ever built up. Why does the bite of the cobra kill a man? What is hydrophobia? Why does Peruvian bark, in most cases, alleviate ague? Why does mercury produce salivation? Why does iodine act upon the glands? Nay, tell us why Epsom salts is a cathartic? With many of the simplest questions in medicine the whole faculty is at loggerheads; and just in the same way, that before Sir Isaac Newton's time people saw apples fall to the ground without knowing the reason thereof, so are medical practitioners aware of certain sure results, patent to every one, without knowing the why and wherefore, which to them are as the Eleusinian mysteries. Far be it for an humble Stomach like myself to attach any degree of culpability to this ignorance. The subtle and hidden causes, by which Nature works in the human system, must ever defy human scrutiny, till the discovery of some grand principle[1] (like that of the circulation

[1] How much science has derived from the search for the impossible! The attempt at the transmutation of metals, and

of the blood) gives a fresh clue to further knowledge; and this can only accrue from the patient system of observation and experiment which Bacon insists upon, and which is now more than ever become the recognized method of pursuing science.

It is not too much to believe, that the microscope is the means by which discoveries of vast importance will hereafter be brought to light; and that it will achieve for science results as useful, if not as grand, as those which the telescope has produced. The resolution of nebulæ into distant worlds and systems, is not more wonderful than secrets which may be yet disclosed by the minute inspection of matter. The maxima and minima have kingdoms to explore, each as rich as the other, for science takes less heed of bulk, than of combinations. I say again, therefore, far be it from a modest Stomach to blame a whole profession for not knowing the profoundest secrets of Nature; but a

search for the philosopher's stone, have been the cause of some of our most valuable augmentations to knowledge. Faraday always insists upon the necessity of experiment. "If you don't find what you want," says he, "you will find something perhaps more valuable."

Stomach does blame them, and possesses a prescriptive right to do so, for prescribing in the dark—for putting the seal of their authority upon documents, whose contents, for all they know, may be a libel upon the Creator. A Stomach does condemn them for drenching people with drugs and nostrums, written in hieroglyphics, fit only for the tablets of some astrologer of Eld.

Is the necessity of gain at the bottom of it all? Has it been bequeathed to us from the evils which have sprung up, in not permitting the general practitioner to receive fees for his attendance? Is the compact tacitly existing between the chemist and physician so intricate, so interwoven with one another's interest, that medical reform is impossible? Your first-class practitioners are, perhaps, take them all in all, the most humane (of course, barring the administration of medicine) and the most useful class of men living. The nature of their studies unshackles their minds; and notwithstanding the dark in which they are groping, with respect to the *materia medica*, they necessarily dive into the mysteries of all the collateral sciences,

and imbibe such an amount of information as makes them the most agreeable companions in the world; added to which, the afflicted in body and mind must always appeal to them as their best friends and true advisers.[1] There is no class of men more liberal in their views, hence more willing to admit the evils of the system; none so ready to assist the unhappy, or so careless of their just remuneration, when an object for compassion comes in their way. When, however, they sit down complacently to prescribe compounds, from that book called the Pharmacopœia, the fancied gold of the wizard is turned, as in the fable, into dry leaves. Those rows of phials, with funereal labels round their necks, are just such as the priests of Isis might have stowed the inmost recesses of their temple

[1] Such men as Dr. B——g, of Park-lane, and Dr. B——m, closely connected with the Westminster Hospital, the late lamented Mr. L——, of Brighton, and many others, are the centres of more real benefit to our species than any other class of men existing. Their knowledge of the human heart, and their pity for human nature, make their advice and their sympathy at once sound and sincere. What tales the hospital and the sick chamber of the poor could furnish, when the medical man is often, from necessity, at once the physician, the lawyer, and the divine!

with, to awe the vulgar or the sceptic; but in these enlightened times, when proffered by the hands of the really learned and good, the whole affair becomes a travestie upon science, at once dangerous and humiliating.

The next rule worthy of the valetudinarian's attention is CARE in the selection of DIET, and be assured I am the proper authority to consult upon this subject. REGULARITY OF MEALS is another essential point, for I can work with great vigour when I am called upon to do so at stated, and tolerably certain intervals. EXERCISE, too, is a *sine qua non*, for the entire internal machinery becomes clogged unless a healthy waste of the system is produced by walking or riding. Over-fatigue, however, is my abhorrence, since my attention is then distracted from my own particular duties. MASTICATION is another highly important item in my economy, and the dental organs may be considered as the teeth of the wonderful internal mill, which is neither worked by wind or water. Indeed, in a jocose way I understand the teeth are called "grinders," though they do not grind, but bruise. This

In short, cheerfulness is my delight, especially at meal time, and if doctors would *insist* upon their patients dining in society instead of giving them those eternal drugs, I'll be bound to say dyspepsia would fly away for ever on its bat-like wing.

What will my friends and the world in general say if I venture to declare that a life spent in good will to others, and a judicious regard to our moral government, influences an humble individual like myself, in a most remarkable manner. Yet the human body is such a bundle of sympathies, it is perfectly true. I do not mean a mere selfish care of the body, a regularity of existence suggested simply by presidential motives; but I mean that I sympathise, and act in harmony with those higher inspirations and faculties, which distinguish a highly gifted nature from a common one. An explanation of this principle in all its bearings would involve both a physiological and psychological disquisition, and as the office of lecturer to mankind is not my rôle in life, I will forbear inflictiug the reader by any plunge into obscure matters. This I may say, however, that a cow's stomach digests in its own

peculiar way, admirably for the necessities of a cow. A gizzard does the duty of mastication for the bird tribe. A boa constrictor's slow working apparatus is excellently well adapted for that gentle animal, and the inside of many insects is as complicated as their life is varied, and is nicely calculated to serve them on earth, air, or water. Now, the stomach of a human being is equally congenial to man's nature, and the higher his intellectual faculties the more sensitive and delicate is his inside. In organic structure it is, of course, the same in all men, and a Hottentot's digestive organs and those of a Sir Isaac Newton's would present identical conformations, but the sympathy of the nervous energies mark the subtle difference. Thence, I again affirm that the moral acts upon the physical, and vice versa, by the most delicate sympathy, and wonderful laws.

Thus far then, the necessary observances to sustain the body in health consist of MODERATION; MASTICATION; a careful CHOICE OF FOOD; REGULARITY; EXERCISE; SOCIETY AT MEALS; ABJURATION of PHYSIC; and in case of indisposition arising from

an infringement of these rules, REST, and a STRICT REGIMEN.

Advice so simple, savours, perhaps, of self-evident truisms; but why then do people neglect them so continually? By far the larger portion of the ills of life, is occasioned by errors in diet, and though there, of course, exist hereditary diseases which have nothing whatever to do with myself, and rest solely with my ancestors, yet even these ills are to be mitigated, and in a generation or two, totally eradicated, by a strict attention to what passes the lips—inwardly. The moment compounds are swallowed the system must get rid of them in some way or other, and just conceive how much evil might be avoided if people would only consider this simple fact. Health influences directly and indirectly a man's actions, and his mode and tone of thought; and his ideas expressed in language, are so many winged seeds, which he sows during life, to spring up ultimately for the good or ill of those who reap. He should never forget, too, that he is a link (as, indeed, so is the smallest atom of matter) in the chain which stretches from the dim past into the

illimitable future, and he contributes his share in giving form and shape to things to come, in the same way as he and his ideas have been formed, and shaped, by things past. Creation is, indeed, one whole, one entirety, and for all man knows to the contrary, his spirit may be pre-ordained to dwell in those remote worlds which seen from our planet, are as little specks of fire in the vast expanse of ether. It is possible that *here*, he moulds his future destiny *there*, and his highest and first duty is to listen to the suggestions of his reasoning powers, and by moderation and discipline, to develop all his faculties, spiritual, mental, and physical. Health, therefore, is a treasure he has no right to expend lavishly, or to fritter away: he holds it in trust, as he does his life; and even in the dark ages, when science was struggling in the hands of astrologers and alchemists, *they* regarded the vital portions of the body so highly, as to exalt matter into the throne of man's soul and spirit.

There are some members of my family whose nature is so vigorous and robust, that ordinary rules and regulations would seem scarcely to apply to

their particular case. To such, I say, go on and prosper; but there are breakers ahead, and take care that you do not get wrecked on alcohol. From your very vigour you will be enticed to indulge, first in small drams, and then larger ones, till it will come to pass, that ultimately your digestion is no longer inside you, and a part of you, but in bottles and flasks.

At the risk of seeming to treat of matters beneath the attention of the general reader, I shall take my leave by submitting to his attention a little dietary tariff, well adapted for my brethren of all denominations, but especially so for those to whom I now more especially address myself—the fastidious and dainty ones. In my sketch of a little dinner it may be said, half the world could not afford the delicacies I name, and all I have to say is, make such selections out of my "rules" as suit your purse and inclination. I speak, too, of a "slice out of the joint," having breathed dire anathemas against joints of all kinds, but I referred to their graceless conduct when served alone, thus compelling the general meal to be made entirely off huge lumps

of meat. Some of these days the gentle Londoners will, I hope, make it worth while for clubs and taverns to establish a table d'hôte, where variety and conversation are both attainable at a reasonable charge. But not longer to digress, here are my few suggestions, or

RULES FOR SPECIAL PRACTICE

IN THE

COURT OF HEALTH.

I. Rise tolerably early and perform your ablutions all over with tepid water. Rub yourself well dry, get as red as a boiled lobster, and take a brisk walk for half an hour.[1] If the stomach craves for food, munch a dry biscuit on your way rejoicing. Note: If a person can bear a cold bath, and finds a quick reaction of warmth, there is not very much the matter with him.

II. Take for breakfast one large cup of black tea, with plenty of milk, and very little sugar. Coffee is more heating, but extremely wholesome, made French

[1] It is scarcely necessary to allude here to the important function of the skin. The internal machinery has much additional work to get through, when the pores of the covering to the body are allowed to get partially closed up from the absence of the bath, and friction.

fashion—that is, a small quantity of the very essence filled up with *good* boiling milk, so as to make three parts milk, and one part coffee. Cocoa and chocolate may be taken if particularly relished, and if no eructations follow; but the oil they contain is difficult for me to digest. Strong black tea is generally my favourite beverage. A toasted French roll allowed to get cold, or thoroughly baked and fermented bread with a slice of bacon, are the solids I best approve; but breakfast is the meal when most liquid should be taken, but never exceed a pint. Note: If a person can eat a hearty breakfast off several kinds of meat, à la mode those of my university experience, there is not very much the matter with him.

III. A light lunch in the middle of the day suits me well, for the absorbents have assisted in the diffusion of my former receipts. A small mutton chop, or a sandwich without butter; a single glass of bitter ale, or a single wine-glass of sherry may, and ought to be taken, as it is necessary to stave off excessive hunger till a late dinner. It is usual to recommend an early dinner for invalids, and an early supper; but this is tantamount to a hearty lunch, and a very late dinner. Note: If a person can fast from breakfast to six or seven o'clock, without feeling the necessity for food, there is not very much the matter with him.

IV. First catch, i. e., earn your dinner; and this, the grand meal of the day, requires our best attention; not for the purpose of gormandising, but so as to shape its quality and quantity to my powers of digesting it.

As I before said, variety is essential, but soup[1] is *not* good to commence with. When the Stomach is armed cap-a-pie and eager for the fray, he requires something to grapple with—something solid upon which to try his strength—and he turns up his nose at liquids. First, then, he loveth a nice little bit of boiled fish, a very small quantity of melted butter, with a few drops of the life blood of the fair demoiselle Ann Chovey.[2] With this he receiveth complacently a glass of sherry; and he is now all attention, having an ear for a little agreeable conversation, as also an eye to his duties. Next, he loveth a portion of a French entrémet, provided it be made by an adept. There will possibly be around it, or in it, a pleasing variety of well-selected and well-dressed vegetables; or should its character not admit of those graceful adjuncts, a purée of simple potatoes forms a soft bed, proper to prepare for the delicate viand, when it arrives at its destination, as an inside passenger. Plenty of bread, of yesterday's baking, he confidently expects at this interesting juncture. An-

1 If taken at all, it must be thin and of vegetable. After heavy thick soups, cold roast beef, with a mealy potatoe, is the best second course.

2 If melted butter disagrees (and anchovy is considered by some to spoil the flavour of fish), "cold butter, mustared," with a little cayenne, is an excellent substitute. The robust, who can eat anything and everything with impunity, will laugh to scorn such petty details as these, but the reader is again requested to remember that this part of our author's subject is not written for such fortunate individuals.

other glass of sherry, and a laugh, or good-humoured speech, or some little piquant on dit, now pleaseth him well, and all is proceeding in a most satisfactory manner. Next, this same Stomach loveth a brown slice or two out of the joint, with plenty of gravy, and, may be, a little stewed celery, or thoroughly boiled artichoke of Jerusalem, is added with entire approval. Another glass of sherry is welcomed with open arms and a sweet smile, and he beginneth to feel extremely comfortable. A short interregnum now arrives, and the conversation becomes animated and pleasant; and this is the period for the wise man to consider whether his internal satisfaction has arrived at its culminating point. If he believes it is so, let him exclaim: "Hold, enough;" but if he feels that each previous dish has been partaken of but sparingly, and that he has yet a little niche to fill up judiciously, then the stomach smileth blandly, and comports himself to receive with affection a slice or so from the bosom of a wild duck, with a gentle squeeze of lemon—and never forget to take a little acid with your dinner.[1] In lieu of this dish of grace, Stomach receiveth with courtesy and warmth the leg and wing (not divorced) of a partridge, with an addition of bread sauce, to assuage the pangs of the operation the poor thing underwent in being carved. In the absence of this amiable little bird, woodcock or snipe are admirable substitutes, or even a cut from the breast of a plump

[1] Again he insists upon acids, no doubt again because of their antiseptic qualities, proved by their removal of fœtid breath. Lemon juice is now often given for gout and rheumatism.

hen pheasant (however sportsmen may demur), or else a plover, or rotund quail, or melting landrail,—he loveth all and each of them; but now woe betide the unhappy wight who dares to add to such welcome delicacies, pastry of any kind whatsoever.[1] Neither is cheese received without a sneer, and after a suspicion of celery (do not swallow it) to clear the palate, it is far better to make the finger bowl the finale of the feast; or if you take just one extra glass as the epilogue of the three-act drama, rise from the table without either dessert, or a further imbibation of vinous fluids. Fruit is excellent in its season, but not after a good meal. Note: If a person feels light and buoyant, and ready for a little cheerful recreation after such a meal as the foregoing, he may be delicately constitutioned, but—there is not very much the matter with him.

V. Supposing you are neither a club-man at meal-time, nor a tavern-dining individual; and then, further, supposing there are ladies to join in the drawing-room, oh, happy mortal, count the moments which keep you dallying over the bottle to the eternal detriment of poor me, steal away from table as soon as you can, and never feel ashamed of the humanising effects of female society; for let me tell you the whole race of Stomachs dearly loveth the music from fair ladies' lips. For myself, I never digested so perfectly at my ease as when, after a light dinner, I was carried, as soon as English

[1] An omelette or souffle are the only admissible sweets after game, and it is as well to close question Mr. Stomach as to whether he needs even these.

manners would permit, into the drawing-room, a cup of coffee, without milk, being suffered to descend; the while the gentle prattle of female tongues, or a little music (not too scientific), or a game of chess, or cards, or some such social amusement, passed the evening agreeably away, without leaving a pang for the morrow, or a moment of ennui at the present. Where do young men of the present day usually pass their evenings? Who are their companions? A Stomach *could* answer. Do our fair countrywomen, by the absence of formality, or the graceful facility of making impromptu amusements like our neighbours abroad, encourage the rougher sex to seek for recreation at home? Does the heartless tone of London society, with its formal dancing parties, beginning at eleven, and its set dinner gatherings of dumb, cold ostentation, contribute in any way to hang up such garlands and fruits *at home*, as create a counter lure to the meretricious amusements of the young male members of the household? What a sermon a Stomach could preach if he dared! But he has said enough upon this subject to prove that Rule V. is no rule at all, but its exception.

VI. Supposing the evening to have been cheerfully passed, and your time of rising had been early, there will be no difficulty in a corresponding early retirement to slumber, and by all means avoid supper of every description. It is true the activity of the mind at night will sometimes unpleasantly show itself in wakefulness, unless its attention is called off by a gentle exertion on my part; and for those who suffer in this wise, it is as well to keep a little reserve of biscuit by the bed-

side. If, before you retire, you will be courageous enough to drink a tumbler of cold water, so much the better; for water is an excellent solvent, and its use, externally and internally in moderation, of the greatest possible value. Note: If a person rise refreshed, with a clean tongue, a ready aptitude to commence the day's exertions, and at his heart a warm feeling of gratitude for the gift of life, depend upon it he has *nothing* whatever the matter with him.

And now, dear reader, having waited at your table during the day, and having consigned you, as I hope, to happy dreams, wherein the forms of loved objects float around you, I make my bow and doff my hat, in a manner worthy, I trust, of the Stomach of a Chesterfield.

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